JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 28, 1939.
VOL. LXVI. 1741

PENSION PRIZE AND CHRISTMAS DINNERS

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE—SEE PAGE 14.

Your Best Protection—
Strong Nerves *and* Restorative Sleep

SOUND, healthy nerves will keep you cheerful and resolute. Refreshing sleep will restore your energy and drive away depression. These are your natural, and best, safeguards in these trying times.

For maintaining strong nerves—for ensuring restorative sleep—'Ovaltine' has outstanding advantages.

The exceptional nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine' have been demonstrated in many scientific tests. It contains lecithin—a valuable nerve-building element derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture. ***No nerve food is complete without eggs.***

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The fact that 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors and most largely used in hospitals and nursing homes all over the world is convincing evidence of its supreme value for health.

Drink delicious

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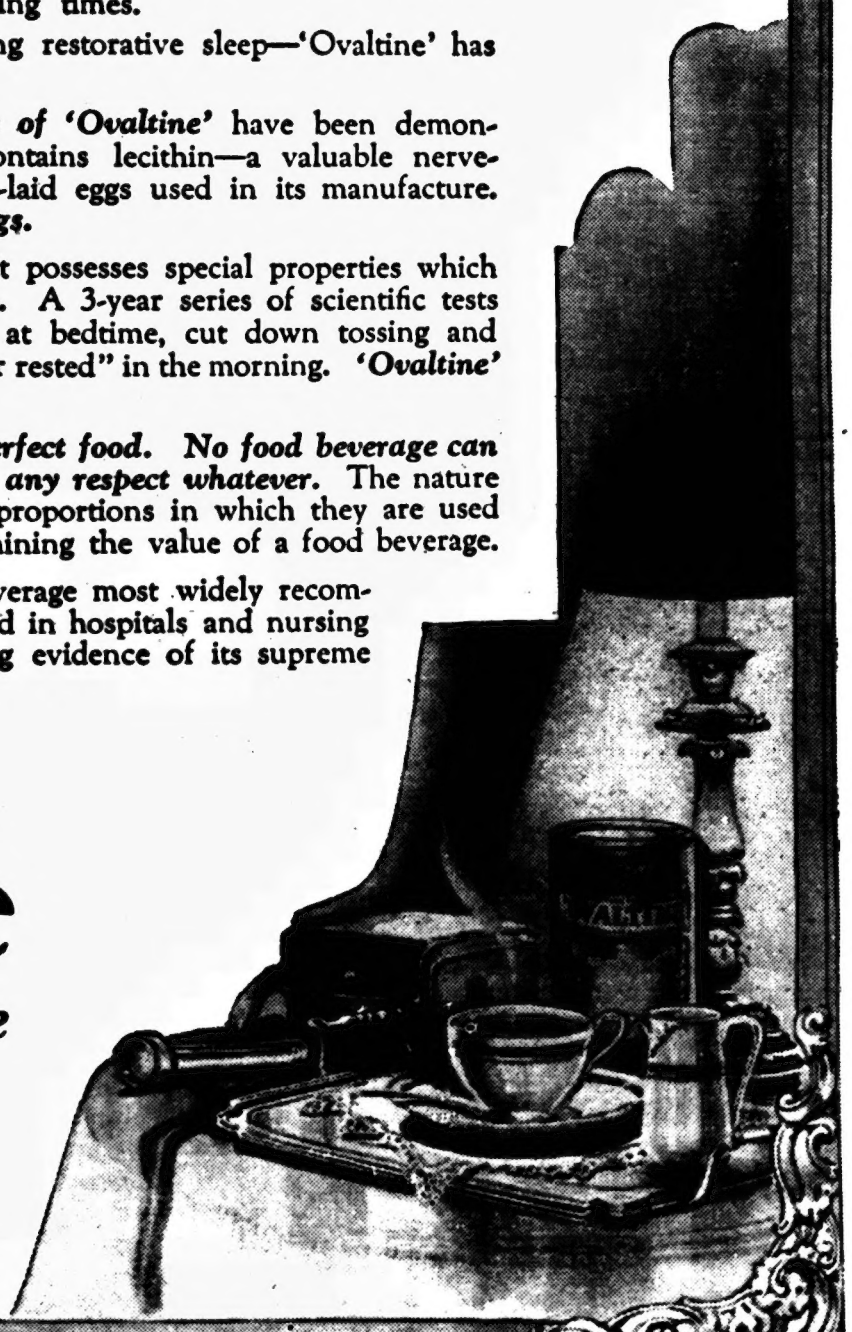

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P494A

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Accept this Offer Now!

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Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

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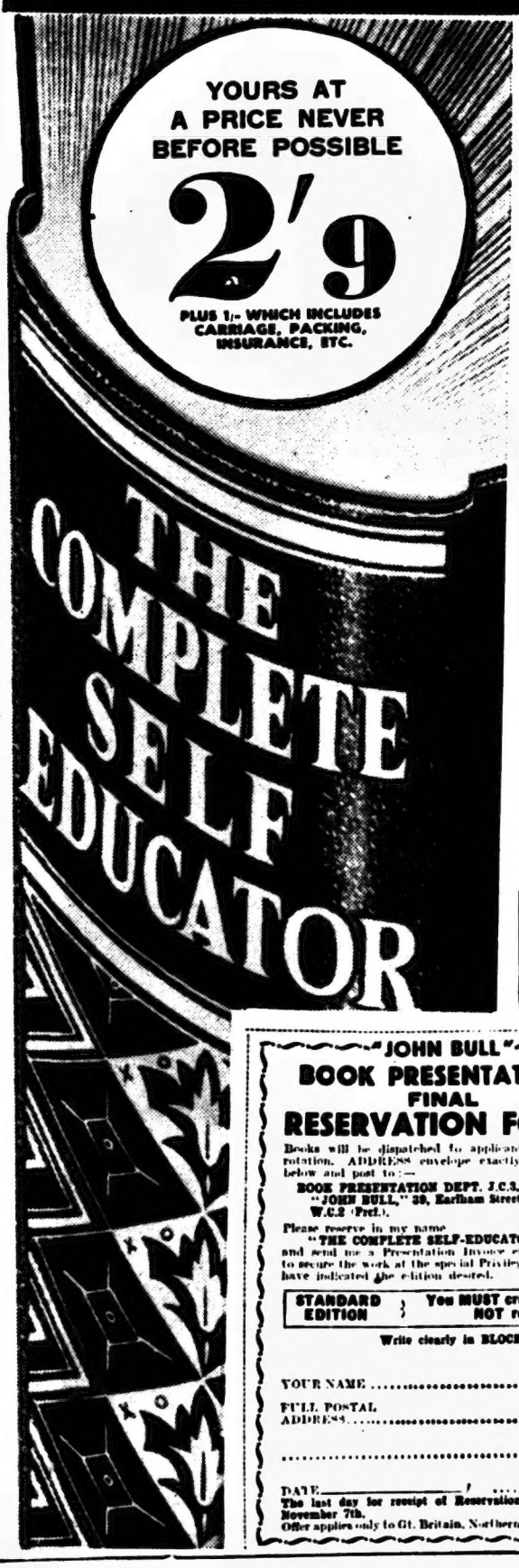

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Books will be dispatched to applicants in strict rotation. ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown below and post to:—

BOOK PRESENTATION DEPT. J.C.3,
"JOHN BULL," 58, Fariham Street, LONDON W.C.2 (Prcl.).

Please reserve in my name "THE COMPLETE SELF-EDUCATOR," and send me a Presentation Invoice entitling me to secure the work at the special Privilege Price. I have indicated the edition desired.

IMPORTANT. The Label will be used for sending your Privilege Invoice. Fill in your Name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. This Form and Label on right may be posted in an unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION } You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. { DE LUXE EDITION

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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DATE ..... /

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, November 7th.
Offer applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 28.10.39

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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J.C.3

'But .. seriously...

We may differ but we can both be right. Because, when it comes to a good cigarette there are always two ways about it with Player's — 'Medium' or 'Mild'. Both have a great following with smokers. So this time let's agree to disagree — please yourself and say "Player's Please."

Player's are always in the picture...

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES MEDIUM OR MILD CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN · 10 · 7D · 20 · 1/1½ · 25 · 1/5½

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 28, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

It would be foolish to issue an alarm every time Nazi bombers are sighted in the North Sea.

But it's preposterous that no alarm was given when machine-gun bullets were bowling people over.

The official responsible should be sacked. No reprimand—just the sack.

Right Man this Time

Let us give praise where it's due. A sensible appointment that has passed almost unnoticed brings an eminent journalist into a high post at the Ministry of Information.

Does that mean the beginning of a new Government policy of the right men for the right jobs?

If so, JOHN BULL will have less criticism to make of the great Ministries in future.

Pillar-Box Minded

But criticism must go on.

Bad feeling has been aroused in important American circles by an incredible example of bungling.

Important despatches for an influential U.S.A. newspaper were sent from France. They had to be passed by the Ministry of Information.

There, some idiot gave them to a messenger boy to post instead of returning them to a waiting American journalist for cabling.

Tell Them

Result, the despatches were too late for use.

Isn't it time our brass-hatted dunderheads were told that American friendship is essential to the Allies?

JERRY JOINS THE A.R.P.

CLEAN up A.R.P.!

A few new brooms have been at work since we first made that demand. But not enough of them.

It isn't only the excess of paid wardens that should arouse Sir John Anderson's ire, but also the local chiefs who allowed Jerry to steal a march on them.

This Jerry is the unscrupulous builder who used shoddy materials in constructing wardens' posts as recklessly as he used them in building small houses before the war.

Last week's heavy rains showed that, in many districts, posts were anything but watertight.

Last-Minute Muddle

There's a simple explanation. Just before outbreak of war there was a last-minute rush to build these essential links in the A.R.P. chain, the wardens' reporting posts.

Jerrybuilders reaped a harvest.

Way of a Warden

One warden, ordered to obtain a specimen of the cement used, got it quite easily by scraping it off the wall with his finger-nail.

Uphill Runway

In another flooded post, a runway had been installed to cope with rain water. To reach it, the water would have to run uphill.

Another runway proved, on examination, to be merely a hole knocked in the concrete.

Bail 'em Out

These are typical snapshots. We expect Sir John Anderson to make his own investigations and to take swift action.

Enemy bombers won't be deterred by rain.

And vital defence measures cannot be suspended while wardens bail out the rain from their posts.

Give Him the Sack

There must be no repetition of the failure to sound a warning during Britain's first raid, or the confusion in last week's Edinburgh raid.

Smooth Censorship

On the other hand, we must record that the censorship is now running smoothly and with discretion.

One great national daily had only a small paragraph censored one night last week—a paragraph which the newspaper itself considered risky.

At last, too, expert linguists are busy on news and propaganda for foreign countries.

Saving Their Bacon

In other ways, too, the driving forces of the war Home Front are being properly harnessed, the early confusion brought to an end.

Except in matters of food. A consignment of bacon arrived at Middlesbrough three weeks ago for an important wholesaler. Then the Government commandeered it, put it in store.

Men Who Suffer

It is still in store, unless it has developed enough maggots to enable it to swim back to Denmark. But ironstone miners and steelworkers have to go without bacon at breakfast.

Tea-Cup Storm

The tea muddle also continues. Blending is impossible because of the "pool" craziness; half of London's supplies, sent into provincial centres for fear of bombing, cannot now be traced.

Mr. Morrison, the Minister for Food, who didn't believe in growing more food in readiness for war, is another gentleman who should be given a job elsewhere.

Hamstrung Producers

Mr. Stanley, of the Board of Trade, is a second Minister with an unsuccessful past and an unsatisfactory present.

He's hamstrung film producers.

The timber trade is in chaos. Firms are putting up their shutters.

Cottoning On, Too

A ship that discharged its cargo of cotton was commandeered and kept in port a week, then ordered to another dock to pick up an important cargo, which turned out to be its original load of cotton.

(Continued overleaf)

JOHN BULL'S STUPENDOUS WAR TIME GIFT

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Enthusiastic Reception by Readers

LAST week, JOHN BULL announced a scheme of Free Air Raid Insurance—the most ambitious scheme ever to be launched by a journal for its readers.

We naturally anticipated a tremendous response, but in actual fact the response has proved overwhelming, far exceeding our most sanguine anticipation.

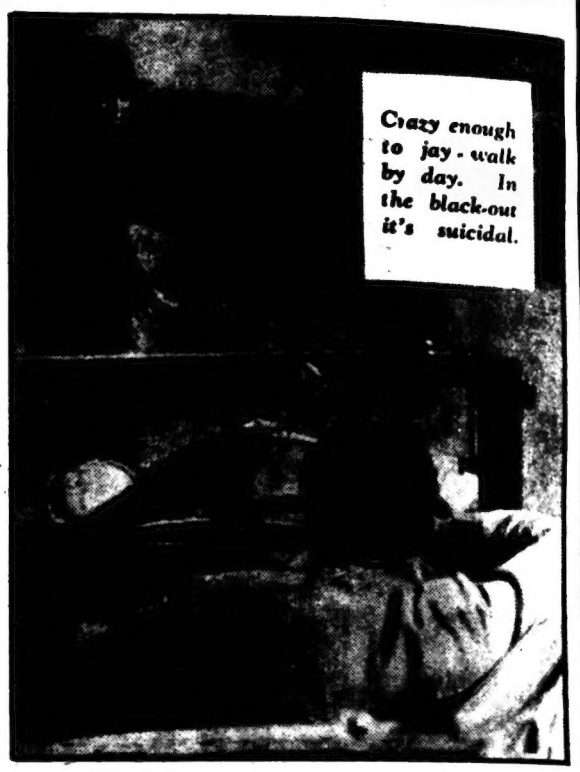
JOHN BULL offers FREE to every reader a £200 policy underwritten at Lloyd's.

This unique and momentous protection for husband and wife could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium. Moreover, this Free Air Raid Policy is in addition to the comprehensive "All-in" Household Security Gift.

If you have not yet registered you simply cannot afford to delay. The coupons are on

Page 16

Too much Work for the Office of Works: No Rank Nonsense



As for the Office of Works, unaccustomed work seems to have gone to its head.

A firm offering to make black-out curtains promptly received three letters of refusal—all from the Office of Works.

And they ask private citizens not to waste paper.

Offers Refused

Next, listen to this instance of wasted labour-power.

An association with 450 women members has offered to do its bit on bandage making, darning, knitting, and so on.

Offer refused.

Think Twice, Nazi

Though such chinks in the Home Front are inexcusable and must be mended, there's no doubt that the nation's armour is proof against any assault.

Our Fighting Forces are 100 per cent. efficient; our food stocks are ample; the morale of our people is unshakeable.

No doubt, either, that war has shown Parliament at its best.

Its rapid decisions, its determination to wipe out any abuses that are revealed, should make even the contemptuous Nazis think twice about "decadent democracy."

It was Needed

Now comes a new offshoot of Parliamentary work, a council of trades unions and employers to advise the Cabinet on industrial questions.

So it's taken a war to bring about the much-needed organisation that both the Labour Party and this journal have long advocated.

Peace should carry it a stage further, so that industrial legislation will be hammered out by a council of picked M.P.s and only the finished draft submitted to the full House of Parliament, thus saving many days of valuable time.

Democracy Again

Give democracy a further good mark for Parliament's righteous anger on the subject of soldier's allowances, first raised by JOHN BULL.

Heartbreaking are letters we have received from soldiers' wives who, after paying rent, have only a few shillings left to clothe and feed families.

Better times are coming to them. But you can imagine how their "discontent" would have been treated in Germany.

Must Not be Forgotten

Once more we must insist that old-age pensioners are not forgotten when wages and allowances are stepped up to meet rising living costs.

We know old folk who have a shilling a week left for food.

Until this damnable hardship is removed JOHN BULL will continue to use hard words about Sir John Simon and his parsimonious hard-hearts at the Treasury.

Disgraceful Racket

No less disgraceful is the racket now being waged by certain building societies.

They are insisting that men of military age must double deposits on houses they are buying.

This scandalous penalization must be stamped out by immediate legislation.

Jay-Walkers

Bad news, too, that road deaths have doubled in a month.

For this, frankly, pedestrians are chiefly to blame. See for yourself how they dart across the road at night in front of 'buses, fail to wear white armlets or carry torches!

See that you do not do likewise.

But a few motorists are still driving too fast at night.

They must be treated as public enemies.

Can't Keep Rabbits

On our black books, too, is Dewsbury Council, threatening tenants with eviction if they dare keep poultry. Nottingham County Council, as we told you recently, is just as sternly and blindly opposed to increasing our food supplies.

A Hull tenant wants to build a bigger shed in his garden to keep rabbits. Again, a sharp refusal.

Contrast these thickheaded authorities with those of Sheffield, which warns tenants that they must cultivate their gardens or get out!

Incredible Injustice

And how's this for injustice?

A man was employed as a railway waggon repairer until June last year, when he was dismissed because of economy measures. He then become a lorry driver and, as a Territorial, was called up when war broke out.

Last month he was interviewed by a Ministry of Labour official, who questioned him regarding waggon repairing.

But Nobody Knows

Within a few days he was discharged from the Army and ordered to report to an employment exchange for instructions.

The exchange knows nothing of the matter; nor does the railway company that formerly employed him.

Now he's on the "dole."

He's a Big Man

If Mr. Hore-Belisha clears up such muddles he'll add to his week's good work. This includes smashing the stupid snobbery that made rankers in the Auxiliary Territorial Service leave a restaurant when an officer entered.

Mr. Belisha says that officers and other ranks can appear together in public when not on duty.

In other words, he's a big enough man to realise that the nonsense of the last war cannot be perpetrated this time.

Rotten Heritage

With other Service chiefs, he must not forget another rotten heritage of 1914-18, the incompetent medical board.

To-day's postbag has brought us two examples. One man, passed as Grade I, was within a week ordered at least a year's sanatorium treatment by the county medical officer for advanced tuberculosis of one lung.

Another, also passed as fit, was found to be tubercular within a few weeks.

On the Right Lines

Here's praise for Cardiff.

That wide-awake city is experimenting with reduced tram fares.

Maximum fare on the whole system will be only three-halfpence.

Other towns, trying hard to discourage travelling, should learn a lot from Cardiff's wise move.

And Now You Know

One last word to cheer you.

Britain's economic plight is terrible. Half our Navy has been sunk.

Thousands of shops are shut. People are starving.

We are all cowering in fear.

That is what the German radio stations are saying.

Yes, it's cheerful news. For if our enemies have to lie so extravagantly they must be in a pretty cheerless mood themselves.

And they've reason to be!

BEHIND THE NEWS...

RIBBENTROP'S disgrace was engineered by Goering, who was also responsible for pushing Goebbels into the shadows.

Next on the list of the fat Marshal's victims is Himmler, chief of Secret Police.

★

Explanation: Goering is leader of the Nazi "moderates" and anti-Bolshevists. Traveller Ribbentrop and Lie-Doctor Goebbels are blamed for the Moscow pact, now reckoned as a grave blunder even by Hitler.

Hence the change in the Nazi Press, which after railing against Bolshevism for years had suddenly to praise it and is now once more highly critical of Moscow.

Himmler is marked out for vengeance because, though not a member of the Ribbentrop-Goebbels group, he has incurred the mistrust of the Goering Gang by trying to sit on the fence during this crisis.

★

Goering and his fellows dare not admit publicly that the Moscow alliance was a first-class mistake. So they have had to allow a drastic purge of those S.S. men who resented the pact.

News from diplomats in neutral countries suggests that the purge, which is still going on, will be far more sweeping than Hitler's Black Sunday massacre of Roehm, Streicher and their followers.

Also in progress is a round-up of Nazi spies in South America, following disclosures of South American ports being used to refuel U-boats.

★

Balkan countries, emboldened by Turkey's firm pro-Ally stand, are more than ever determined to face Germany.

Hitler has a new headache, made more painful by Italy's cordial relations with Britain. He sees in them the possibility of a switch-over from the Russo-German control of the Balkans to an Italian "sphere of interest" in that vital part of Europe.

And he's frightened of Turkish armed aid for the Balkans; the 700,000 Turkish troops are among the world's best.

For us, it means that our oil "lifeline" from Iraq is safe.

★

Important sidelight on Anglo-French-Turkish military talks is the satisfaction felt by hundreds of millions of Moslems, anxious lest Turkey should be detached from the Allies.

As we've told you before, the vast majority of Moslems are no friends of Hitlerism.

★

Russia's control over the Baltic States has been countered by a strengthening of British influence in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Whitehall describes it as a "pincer movement" of diplomacy.

Britain's views played a large part in the discussion of the three Scandinavian kings at their Stockholm meeting. So did those of the United States, which has been persuaded to join Britain in the attempt to safeguard Scandinavian interests.

★

Independent British experts agree with the cheering report of Dr. Egloff, the American oil expert, that lack of petrol will defeat Germany.

Even with Russian aid, Germany will run short of oil in a year. Possibility is that her military machine, as we have previously told you, will run dry in nine months unless she obtains fresh supplies.

Britain and France have sufficient reserves for three years.

★

Trouble with the censors!

Nazi censors, we mean.

They have been reprimanded for allowing letters to reach neutral countries giving hints of the pessimism and alarm felt by ordinary Germans.

Dutch visitors to England, reporting on commercial trips to Germany, confirm that gloom is most noticeable in Berlin, Hamburg and other great cities.

Blind faith in Hitler is now confined to rural districts.

OUR PRICE FOR PEACE

League of Nations buildings in Geneva are now merely a gathering place for coach-loads of tourists—because the idea behind the League was lost in narrow nationalistic manoeuvres. That idea must be reborn, says A. G. G. It must be developed into Federal Union.

By A. G. Gardiner

'The Man Who Was Right'

I HAVE received so many requests to discuss the question whether the Government should declare our peace terms that I propose to try to clear my own mind on the subject.

There is no need to waste words on the urgency of peace. It is the uppermost thought in every mind, and no one can question the passionate sincerity of Mr. Chamberlain in the matter.

For two years he incurred the deepest suspicions in this country and still more in the United States by his pursuit of the policy of appeasement.

He was accused of deliberately betraying the cause of freedom and democracy, and even those of us who knew that accusation to be unjust felt that in his eagerness to come to terms with Hitler and preserve peace he was making surrenders to aggression that gravely imperilled the future of this country and the liberties of the world.

It is impossible in the light of these facts to doubt that any Government of which he is the head will seize any possibility of peace as eagerly as he sought to avoid the dreadful necessity of war.

BUT it must be a real peace, not a sham peace. **IN OUR DESIRE FOR PEACE WE MUST NOT SNATCH AT A MOCKERY OF PEACE WHICH WILL LEAVE THE WORLD STILL ARMED TO THE TEETH, AND WILL CONFRONT IT SIX MONTHS HENCE OR A YEAR HENCE WITH THE SAME AGONIES THROUGH WHICH IT IS PASSING TO-DAY.**

There is no prospect of such a peace being attainable in present circumstances.

Any doubt on this score has been set at rest by the insolent terms of Hitler's so-called "peace offer."

That offer was couched in the phrases of a conqueror dictating to the conquered on the morrow of a decisive victory.

It contained, as Sir William Beveridge has said, not a single word that suggests Hitler "contemplates the possibility of accepting justice in place of force as an arbiter between nations, or allowing anyone except the German Government to judge the merits of German claims."

We are to ratify his crimes. We are to condone his perjuries.

We are to win a brief and craven peace at the price of betraying our pledged word to the victims of his lawless aggression.

Then he will be good enough to talk to us and France in conference on the clear understanding that the conference has no power to interfere with his dictatorial decisions.

The reply to this impudent demand has been made on both sides of the Channel, and made in terms that have the endorsement of the united will of both nations.

HAD the proposal been of a character that offered a basis for negotiation, it could not have been seriously considered on the word of Hitler alone.

That word, as Mr. Chamberlain said after the invasion of Prague, "is not worth the paper it is written on."

THERE IS NOTHING IN MODERN HISTORY COMPARABLE WITH THE PERJURIES OF HITLER. EVERY EPISODE IN HIS GANGSTER CAREER, IN AUSTRIA, IN BOHEMIA, IN SLOVAKIA, IN MEMEL, IN DANZIG, IN POLAND, IS BASED ON THE BETRAYAL OF HIS SOLEMN PLEDGE.

His words and his deeds have no relation to each other. He is a liar by policy, a treaty breaker on principle.

"I will sign a treaty in cold blood to-day," he has said, "and break it to-morrow in cold blood if the interests of Germany require it."

With such a man the discussion of peace terms would in any case be profitless, and Mr. Chamberlain did well to make that point clear.

The first condition of peace is the restoration of confidence, and until Germany speaks through a Government whose word can be trusted, that condition is wanting.

BUT it has been urged that the replies of Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier, while rejecting the so-called peace offer of Hitler, should have been more specific in declaring the peace terms that Britain and France have in view.

It is agreed that so far as they went their statements were irreproachable.

They repudiated any idea of excluding "from her rightful place in Europe a Germany which will live in amity and confidence with other nations."

They laid down the principle that "international disputes should be settled by discussion, and not by force," and that the violations of Hitler's pledges in Czechoslovakia, Poland and elsewhere should be subjected to the judgment of the European nations directly or indirectly concerned.

And they declared as their main purpose the deliverance of Europe from the rule of violence and the establishment of "a better international system" that would pave the way to disarmament and the co-operation of nations in building a new world order.

It is complained that this is not enough, and that the Government should present the world with a detailed programme of the peace for which we are fighting.

In this programme we should state with precision what we propose in regard to the colonial possessions of the various countries, the economic basis of the new world society, the access to raw materials, and the structure of international relationship that will secure us all from the recurrent menace of war.

THE ARGUMENT IS THAT ONLY BY HAVING A CUT-AND-DRIED PEACE PROGRAMME FROM THE BEGINNING CAN WE AVOID THE MISTAKES OF ANOTHER VERSAILLES.

It is also urged that this clarification of the issue is necessary to inspire confidence in our cause at home and to win the moral support of neutral countries abroad.

With the motives of the critics I am in entire sympathy.

Whenever the time for peace talks comes we must be prepared to enter into them in a different spirit from that which bedevilled the Treaty of Versailles.

But I gravely question whether the way to secure that is for the Government to issue a detailed programme of world reconstruction at this stage.

I can conceive that such a programme would arouse such world-wide controversies as would make havoc of the task in hand.

That task is crystal clear, and to it all the energies of the Governments of this country and of France must be directed.

It is to destroy the reign of Terrorism that Hitler has set up in Europe, and to substitute for it the reign of law and order.

This does not mean that the terms of peace for which we are fighting should not be discussed.

They cannot be discussed too much.

I HAVE made and shall continue to make in these columns my contribution to that discussion in the interests of Federal Union, which I believe to be the only path of salvation open to this distracted world.

And it should be the business of the Government to have a body of experts ceaselessly engaged in exploring all the possibilities of a just peace and a stable world order.

In such an inquiry the closest contact should be made with France, our self-governing Dominions, and friendly neutral Powers.

In this way, without committing ourselves hastily to too detailed a programme now, we should enter the Peace Conference with clear purpose, a positive policy, and the backing of an instructed public opinion

We asked the mothers and sons of Britain to send us extracts from their war time letters. They have responded generously, as this page shows.

In these extracts breathes the true spirit of Britain —cheerful and matter-of-fact, but as firm as steel.

Somewhere in France, a group of Britain's new soldiers take advantage of a rest period to write letters to the old folks left behind to keep the home fires burning

MOTHER and SON

Dear Mum

AT last I am getting letters from you and dad and Mary. My word, it is good to get them after being in France nearly a month without news from home.

French mothers seem as if they understand, and seem to be doing their best to take your place. They give us cups of tea (ugh!), chocolates, fags (ugh, again! You ought to have the smell of the French kind in your curtains!) and other things. But they can never be quite the same, bless them for trying.

* * *

From a young chaplain in France.

I am cram full of work, cram full of health, and cram full of laughter. Our men are magnificent, and if all my work in life is only to help them I shall not have lived in vain.

I take services with them with no organ, no piano—just hymns cyclostyled on sheets of paper. But it is moving beyond all words to hear the mighty roar of British voices reaching up to Heaven from a French field.

It is amazing to find what real belief and great faith they have. It makes me seem so small in comparison.

For a fortnight we waited and waited and not a word came from home. Then at last we had a mail—and instantly we became a different camp.

We shall win—and these boys are going to return to seek the simple things of life that are most precious.

* * *

From a nineteen-year-old, in camp in England.

Now, have they completed that air-raid shelter in the basement? You must make sure, when you cover the front of the gas-mask where the air is filtered, that no air comes in anywhere else. And you must adjust the straps until you have remedied this. Please do get the Air Raid Warden to say that everything is all right.

Don't worry about me, dear. I am quite well and quite safe.

There is no warmongering among the grand lot of fellows I am with, no hatred of the Germans. Just the wish to settle accounts with a bully.

* * *

From "Somewhere in Scotland."

One of the guards here has nearly shot the orderly officer.

He was patrolling his beat in the pitch dark and challenged a dark form. He shouted "Halt!" three times and the officer just managed to answer in time.

You see, he has a stutter, and couldn't get it out.

I've had my first taste of guard. Of course they would give me a beat churned up by tanks. But it had this advantage, that when I had finished my last turn I went off into such a sleep that it took the guard commander all his time to wake me up, although I was fully dressed.

* * *

From an R.A.F. camp.

You can trust us to look after ourselves, mother. For instance, I got caught going round for a second helping of dinner last week, but I swore black was blue that I hadn't been in before and got away with it.

Not that they don't give you enough first time. It's just that now and then there's an extra large helping, and the lads leap out of the queue for it, and sometimes there are some smallish ones.

The grub is really good. We haven't had two meals alike since we came here, which speaks for itself.

* * *

From France.

And now I see strange movements in the corner of the camp where the bosses sleep. Can it be?—I believe we are going to be paid. There is a suspicious activity. A table has appeared from nowhere. Excuse me a minute, mother.

Half an hour later: We have just been paid. Forgive me breaking off hurriedly, but I am just going on the long trail after a fellow who owes me a few francs.

Perhaps I shall be able to find some English cigarettes. However do the French manage to smoke senna pods, for that, it seems to me, is what they make their gaspers of?

My dear Boy

DAD spent most of the week-end cleaning and greasing your bike. He used up all my olive oil and all the precious string which I "hoard like a magpie." And now the machine looks like a sheeted ghost.

He's taken the weight off the tyres and says: "That's going to be all right when the lad comes to start it up again."

John has been called up on this last draft and is in high spirits. Says he'll be seein' ya! Poor Sid is a bit downhearted, although he tries not to show it. War seems to bring out worse the handicap of his poor gammy leg.

He tries to persuade everybody that even if he can't march he could drive an armoured car against anybody, but such talk won't help him.

You know how he has tried to be like other boys, and how he has always refused to let his limp keep him out of things. It will be such a hard time for him, poor lad.

* * *

From York.

I took dad to Auntie Bess's last night, but he is getting very heavy for me now, poor dear. He says he cannot understand it.

He weighs 20 st., and fancy little me, just on 8 st., pushing him all that way. Still, I keep a smiling face, for we are all the world to each other, and I would gladly take his suffering for him if I could.

He tells me you are not an ordinary sailor, but on secret and dangerous work under the ocean. It makes him so very proud of you.

That's what makes us so worried when we don't hear. Remember that every letter you write is going to bring a smile to his face. I know I write as if we were the only mum and dad with a son who is doing his duty, but, after all, you belong to us, don't you, and it does make a difference.

* * *

From Ashton-under-Lyne.

When I write these letters to you, my son, it brings back fragrant memories to me about another man who went to France and who I used to write to there—your father.

I never allowed myself to think that I should have a son who would go to the same place, especially under the same circumstances.

I am as proud of you as I was of him, and although he was so badly wounded God did spare him for me, as He is going to spare you.

Now about those clothes you and the boys washed—don't you know what you did wrong? You should never, never boil coloured clothes all mixed up together. Some of you must have looked like walking Union Jacks.

* * *

From New Malden, Surrey.

Dad had gone to his office when your letter arrived, which was a great pity. But when he came home he had just got time to read it before going off to report at A.R.P., and he walked away with a brisker step.

I don't know what we are going to do about Maisie. Here she's been working her inside out for years to learn French and is so proud to think she'll be sitting for her matric. soon, and the odds are that you, who've never tried to learn it, will come back speaking it better than she does!

Still, she joins dad and me in sending out our love. She is so very proud of you.

● *Why not send us copies of your own letters—or, at least, those passages which are not too private for other eyes?*

We will pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter quoted. Address*: JOHN BULL, 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Mark your envelope "Son" in top left corner.*

Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed if you wish your letter to be returned.

"It Happened to Me"

Lady's Maid into Butcher's Boy!

WHEN war was declared I was lady's maid of the petted daughter of a wealthy Philadelphian jewel merchant. Treated as a sister, taken on a Continental tour, presented with mementoes of every European city we visited, I was looking forward to our return to the Philadelphian home, where in my centrally heated suite of comfortable rooms I even have my own bird aviary.

Then the spirit of patriotism, inspired by the call to arms, caused me to falter before leaving for the States again.

My American employers, father and daughter, told me my job would be waiting for me when the war finished, and showed great understanding when I left them to go to my only relative, a butcher "somewhere in Essex."

His assistant had joined the Army, his roundsman was in the Militia, and within no time the lady's maid became an assistant in the butchering trade.

Two days of intensive practice were needed before I could make headway on a tricycle with a loaded carrier. It took me a month to learn to judge the weight of a "cut" of meat within reasonable limits. Forgetting that I was a lady's maid, I learned to identify "skirt," "chump," "rump" and "cheek" when those words were applied to meat.

And I have learned that cheaper joints frequently go to most pretentious houses, and realised the pathos in a child's plea for "two penn'orth of pieces."

Miss E. C. WALKER.

Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

War has brought dramatic changes to many lives. Thrust sedentary workers into fields, brought the simple life to the sophisticated, created strange new friendships and poured new experiences into nearly every life. What has the war done to you? Tell JOHN BULL. The space is at your disposal, and payment will be according to length.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood

Dear Sir—

TELL us more of the R.A.F. men who have given a sparkle to the news of recent weeks!

All Britain and the great neutral countries whose friendship is so valuable to us are hungry for first-hand accounts from the men who foiled the first air raids on our coasts, from those who have made long flights over Germany, from those who have beaten off enemy attacks on our shipping.

They are kept muzzled.

Yet you have recruited a large number of experienced journalists to record war in the air. Are these men merely being forced to write trippery articles on the pigeon post?

Listen to the German radio, Sir Kingsley, and hear how daring fighters among our enemy's ranks are brought to the microphone to raise the spirits of a sullen people.

They overdo it, certainly. We go to the other extreme of unnecessary reticence.

This stupid secrecy was broken only when we were allowed to hear a description of the Kiel raid, ten days after it happened.

You are an able man, in charge of an able and brilliant Force. Let it speak for itself. Let the world know how the feats of our opponents are being eclipsed!—JOHN BULL.

You are shocked because men, trapped in a battered submarine, ran a death-defying sweepstake

Colonel LINDBERGH,
Friend of the Nazis

SIR,—You must have outgrown your hats since the Nazis gave you a medal. But I am convinced that few Americans support your impudent assertion that Canada has no right to aid the Mother Country in war without the sanction of the U.S.A.

In any case, your views come with particularly ill-grace from a man who was glad to accept sanctuary in Britain during a long period of need.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN CLERK,
Lancaster

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for revealing how a blundering officialdom squanders our money and mocks our children.

You advertise for sale 20 cwt. of assorted biscuits sent to your Corporation as emergency rations for evacuees. Yet you have the face to announce that these biscuits are "suitable for poultry or pig feeding."

Tell me, is there no shame in Lancaster?

No anger or disgust at this wicked waste?—JOHN BULL.

SANDY POWELL,
Now in London

DEAR SANDY,—Can you hear me, Sandy? Then here's a round of applause for staging thrice-daily shows in a big London music-hall, thus cocking a snook at managers who fear the black-out, and the B.B.C. gloomsters showing as little enterprise as diffident doormice.

We need your robust humour in the West End.

We need a lot more comedians with your pluck, and we'll hope that the public won't let you down.—JOHN BULL.

Lord LINLITHGOW,
Viceroy of India

MY LORD,—I am disappointed.

I had expected that to placate Indian feeling and secure the maximum co-operation of India in the war a fuller measure of self-government would be accorded to that vast and vital slice of the Empire.

Instead, you murmur something about "wait until after the war." You propose only to set up a council now, a council without power or purpose, that will occasionally meet to chat about war problems.

That will please no one, and offend a multitude.—JOHN BULL.

Bishop of SOUTHWARK,
Anti-Gambling Crusader

MY LORD,—For once I'm glad I am not a bishop.

The broadside against war time gambling, fired by the Church committee of which you are chairman, has its good points. You are apparently shocked because men trapped in a battered submarine ran a sweepstake on the times when the next depth charge would be dropped near them by enemy hunters.

Such criticism is to me just a priggish slight on brave men.

Other people with a more normal outlook will long remember with admiration that example of cheerfulness and courage in the face of death.—JOHN BULL.

Sir HERBERT CREEDY,
Under-Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—Hardship is being caused to wives of many regular soldiers now in France.

These women have been informed, they tell me, that unless they move out of their barrack quarters by the end of the month they will forfeit Army allowances.

Yet most of them have no parents and no home to which they can go. They feel, rightly, that they are getting a bad deal in return for their husbands' twenty or more years of service.

Rescind that order!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—A word in your alert ear.

A month ago one of my readers submitted an idea that might prove useful to the Navy.

He has not even received an acknowledgment.

Many suggested inventions are worthless. But you know by your own experience with the tanks how many sound inventions were sabotaged in the last war by Staff dunderheads.

See that your subordinates do not, this time, ignore ideas just because they are new.—JOHN BULL.

Major G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—Have you recruited palsied snails for the duration?

A workless Birmingham man wrote two letters applying for vacant jobs. One took eighteen days, the other nine days, to be delivered only three miles away.

These posts had then been filled, and the man is still workless. Not very satisfactory, is it?—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. OFFICER,
Tottenham

SIR,—Here is a muddle that you must end at once.

An expectant mother tramped round local A.R.P. centres trying to obtain a gas mask for her boy of two. She and other women were informed that supplies were expected shortly.

After a fortnight her disabled husband wrote to you and was told that she might obtain a mask at a certain school. There she was referred to her local warden, who promised to attend to the matter at once. But she is still waiting.

If that is your notion of efficiency, another officer should be appointed.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice CROOM-JOHNSON,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—A harder heart than yours would surely have been touched by the ordeal that made you hide your face with grief.

You had to pass death sentence on a girl who murdered her baby when she learned that her lover was married.

Though you assured her that the sentence would not be carried out, it must remain beyond the comprehension of every decent person why a barbarous law insisted on sentence being passed.—JOHN BULL.

The Human Machine

Faster Living!

IN the last few weeks life has suddenly been slowed down. And a war was needed to do it.

We had all drifted into the habit of living far too quickly.

It won't hurt to simmer down a little. If we fully appreciate the change it will help us to lead a happier and fuller existence.

The black-out, restrictions and difficulties of travelling, uncertainties and anxieties with which we are now surrounded have all combined to make us think before we go rushing madly about all over the place.

People have realised, almost as though for the first time, that they have homes. They have ceased to depend on others for relaxation and amusement, and have dipped into their own resources. Many have looked on familiar things and places with new eyes, and found interests they hardly knew existed on their own doorsteps.

This will do us all a lot of good. For years we've been drifting away from realities, too occupied with the rush of living at top speed to stop to ask whether it was necessary.

This slackening of tempo is no hardship to those who have resources, hobbies, interests and outlets. There's always been so much to do, so little time to do it.

Unhappy are those who have never bothered to develop their interests. They have no resources. But this is their chance to realise how contented the rest of us have been.

Grin and Bear It!

THE outlook is pretty grim in the German beer gardens, which in the early days of the last war resounded to shouts of "Hoch the Kaiser!"

Nowadays they are compelled to sell the "official" weak beer, which contains only 1 per cent. alcohol.

The lads of the village complain that there is not even a "Hic," much less a "Hoch," in quarts of the stuff.

By OLIVER PLUSH

Number, Please

I dunno who I am,
And I would not be missed
If I went west to-night,
For, in my country's sight,
I simply don't exist!

I'm just a vagrant ghost
In memory's backyard,
The shadow of a shade--
Because I have mislaid
My registration card!

Sez 'Enery

"Looks like as if 'Itler's in th' soup." remarked 'Enery, blowing the froth off what I'd bought him.

"It does rather."

"Kneep-deep in th' mullagatawny! Bin 'avin' so many conferences 'e 'asn't 'ad time to shave. 'Orrible to think of that there fungus on 'is lip spreadin' all over 'is face."

"Yes, pretty ghastly."

"Feel like sendin' 'im a razor—an' it wouldn't be a safety neither."

"I bet it wouldn't!"

"Praps 'e's growin' a beard, like Bill th' Kaiser did when 'is number was up."

"Praps."

"An' takin' lessons in tree-choppin', same as Bill."

"Maybe."

"An' learnin' Dutch. An' then, when 'e kicks th' bucket, d'you know wot they'll put on 'is tombstone?"

"Haven't a notion."

"'Ere lies Adolf; 'e began as a blinkin' annoyance an' ended up a Doorn nuisance."

If Only

(Ribbentrop, Germany's Foreign Minister, was a champagne traveller.)

If Ribbentrop were like his wine,
It would undoubtedly be fine—
I don't mean fine to drink!
But naught would then our pleasure check
To take him firmly by the neck
And pour him down the sink!

Now We Know!

Ever since Hitler tried to make our flesh creep by telling us about his brand-new "secret weapon" we have been puzzling our poor little brain as to what it could be. Now at last we know.

It is a wonderful "invention" by Doktor Goebbels by means of which the Ark Royal (or, if it comes to that, the entire British Navy) can be sunk seven days a week by wireless!

Hush!

The Milk Marketing Board has suspended publication of regional figures of milk production and consumption "in the national interest."

For the same reason we are refusing all information to the home (sweet home) department on the subject of liquor consumption.

Words and Music

From our favourite spy (a Fitness Girl who gained admittance to the Wilhelmstrasse disguised as a Storm Trooper) we learn that Hitler no longer goes about humming the "Merry Widow" waltz, but now favours a German adaptation of "John Anderson, My Jo"—of which a translation herewith:

Joe Stalin, O my Jo, boy,
When we were first acquaint
I would not touch your bloodstained paw,
Lest it my hand should taint!
But when your sterling merits
At last began to show,
And friends I lacked, we made a pact,
Joe Stalin, O my Jo!

Joe Stalin, O my Jo, lad,
Excuse me if I frown;
I didn't fix a treaty up
That you might take me down!
You've helped yourself to this and that,
And now I want to know:
Are you the pal for whom I thirst,
Or still the "scum" you were at first,
Joe Stalin, O my Jo?

Peep-Bo Department

Germans, I hear, have got wise to all this hidey-hidey fun of the R.A.F. in France. I mean, anything that looks like three bushes and a tree must be an aeroplane. See?

The Germans know this. And we know they know.

So, to put these German boys off, we've got R.A.'s over there with paint-pots, disguising the tops of planes to look like the tops of planes. So the German boys will know they're having their legs pulled and they're not planes. See?

If I were a German boy I wouldn't know where I was, would you?

Only where I'd like to be.

Goebbels Calling

"Alfred, King of England, to-day set fire to a bakery at Wantage. The flames spread rapidly, reaching Pie Corner in the City of London. Most of the City, including old St. Paul's, has been gutted. Sparks reached Portsmouth and destroyed the British Fleet. It is understood that 5,000,000 British citizens have met their death in the fire. King Alfred has been smothered in the Tower."

—*German Radio News.*

Little Thought

If they chucked this old world into a bag, with four apples and a season ticket to Golders Green, and raffled the lot at a penny a go, I'd have a penn'orth, just for luck.

I mean to say. Four apples for a penny!

This Week's Fairy Tale

(The War Office has granted permission for members of the B.E.F. to write letters home in Welsh and Gaelic.)

Private Lloyd (in throes of composition): Tell me, Llewelyn Bach, what iss the Welsh for "perfect darling"?

Private Jones: You iss a fool, Trefor, look you, if you tell them home at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll about that mam'zell at the estaminet.

Private Lloyd: I'm not; I'm telling them about the sergeant.

Y. Z.

Old Bill on the Home Front

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"We're all in it together now, son. Whilst you're out there going over the top, yer mother and I are back 'ere goin' under the bottom"

Through Other Eyes!

Hitler: "I insist that you retreat."
Stalin: "Nothing doing. I am advancing."
Hitler: "Well, then, I insist that you advance. I must always be obeyed."

Mariann, Paris

GERMANS IN EGYPT

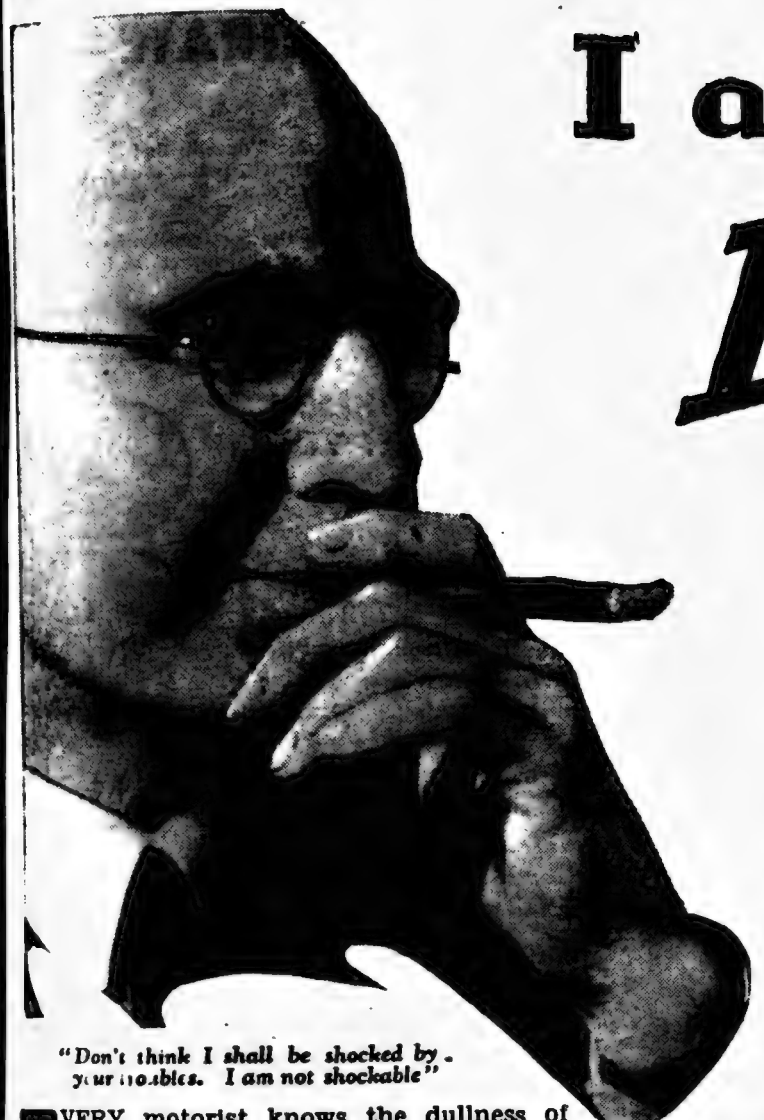
"Why don't you want to go back to Germany?"

"Well, our hearts tell us to go back, but our stomachs advise us to stay here."

Akher Saa, Egypt

I am a DOCTOR of SOULS

Why not bring your spiritual problems to me? asks the Rev. Pat McCormick



"Don't think I shall be shocked by your troubles. I am not shockable"

EVERY motorist knows the dullness of long, straight roads, such as the roads in France, going on and on for miles and miles. No skill is required, speed is possible. The driver becomes an automaton.

It is the bends and curves in a road, the pot-holes, and dangerous, careless drivers that add zest to motoring in some little-known piece of country. The driver needs to have his wits about him, to be on the alert all the time.

Character is demanded of him. He must be doing his best to keep a clean licence.

Life is rather like motoring. Poor old creaking cars, smart sports cars, beautifully upholstered limousines, are all on the road, and each driver thinks he deserves the best place and should be given as much room as he desires for his progress.

Why should I be crushed into a ditch? Why in the world does that man keep sounding his horn? And why in the name of all that is just did my car break down, and I get hauled over the coals for being late on parade or at the office?

All very perplexing. That's the word. Life is full of perplexities, and we deal with them in many different ways. But all these different ways land us in one or other of two results. Either the things we do not know or understand bring the best out of us, or we allow them to bewilder us, and we lose our heads and crash.

If life was one certainty of thirty, sixty, or eighty years' length, and we knew everything and could explain every occurrence fully the fun and excitement would go out of our existence.

There would be no thrill in watching a horse race or in playing League football. It is the uncertainty that draws out the best of our powers.

Yet in some curious way the moment life serves us up with some perplexity or problem we are inclined to whine about "Being let down."

SOMEONE hasn't played the game, and so on. Generally the Someone is God.

We had a sporting chance given us to make the best of life, the road was full of tests with Learners all over it, but we wanted to be made to run on some straight lines, with no perplexities to bother us, and then hoped our friends would say what fine fellows we were.

Perplexities, unknown quantities, whether they deal with God or man, can be faced and made into the daily excitement of growing a character, merely by doing our best.

The people who do something less than their best always complain of God and their fellow-creatures.

When any of us want to understand the workings of a motor car, we go to the expert technician. He helps us to face our perplexities even though we don't understand his jargon.

Yet numbers of people, when they fail to understand the workings of God, go to no one for help. They turn away disgusted with the mistakes, or what they call the injustice of God.

They might at least go to someone who has a belief in God and has experienced God, and who would try to explain the difficulties, even if he did use desperately technical phrases and failed to give entire satisfaction.

We are living in days of many changes. The parents of many of us would not recognise the England of to-day. Consequently the perplexities that we have to face are many.

But in every perplexity, whether it be in sport or Army regulations, we go to someone who knows, asking for the matter to be cleared.

In exactly the same way we need to deal with religion and its perplexities.

We must go to someone who has not only faced these matters for himself, but also whose job it is to help people to get some sort of satisfaction in the perplexity that we are up against.

NOW I don't pretend to be one of the "Know-alls" who are the bane of so many people's existence. I get letters from them after every broadcast.

They have every right to their opinions. I like them to have opinions of their own, but what gets my goat is that they think I ought to have their opinions. It is no use arguing with them. They don't want anyone else's opinion.

You would be surprised at the number of letters I have to write thanking people for letting me know their opinions and saying I am sorry that I don't agree with them.

What we have all got to realise is that we are learners on life's road. We don't know everything, and we can learn from each other if we are ready to be taught.

Some of us have had to learn a lot, especially about difficulties and perplexities, just because we have either had to face them ourselves, or had to help others face them.

People have been coming to me for years to get help in unravelling their difficulties, and all the time I have been learning from those people, learning about life, learning through their difficulties things I have not had to face myself.

I have learned through them never to try to make up another person's mind, but to show him the pros and cons, and then say, "Now that's what I think. Go away and think it all over, and make up your own mind. Don't forget, I may be wrong, but I am not going to tell you what I think you ought to do because that would be my mind, not yours. You simply must use your own mind so that your action may be your own."

I was taught that by Archbishop Randall Davidson, one of the wisest men I ever knew. He was my Bishop while I was in Croydon and I often went to him for advice.

If any of you care to write to me about your perplexities I will gladly try to help you out of the experience I have already gained.

Don't think I shall be shocked. I have often found that people won't go or write to a parson because they are afraid he will be shocked.

It is not true. At least it ought not to be so. I am not shockable.

AND remember that as I have had a long experience I expect I have had to deal with something very similar many times before.

So you see I look on perplexities as an essential part of life. We learn through them how to face life better and how to avoid making mistakes.

If I can help you through any of them I shall feel that these talks are worth while.

I will try to answer some of the questions in these articles without, of course, mentioning any names.

IT'S THAT LITTLE BIT OF FREEDOM

IT'S that little bit of Freedom which at all costs we will keep; It's that little bit of laughter which makes us Shepherds and not sheep; It's that little bit of humour which makes Common Men as Kings; It's strange stuff to go to war about, but Men fight for these things.

IT'S that little bit of gallantry that ennobles humble acts; It's that little bit of Honour that gold-edges cold hard facts; It's that little bit of principle by which we'll ever stand; For it shapes the manner of our hearts and burnishes our land.

IT'S that little bit of England which is Home to Every Man; It's that little Family Shrine in which is wrought God's Human Plan; It's the Holy Gift of hope and faith which to the world Christ gave; It's for all these things we'll ever fight and, if need, die to save.

Shave with Easy and face the world!

EASY STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER

Ordinary shaving lathers often dry before the shave is over, leaving the blade to fight its way through the stiffening bristles.

How different with Lever's Easy! Easy lather stays moist all the time; the blade slips through the softened beard without a check — effortlessly smooth and refreshing.

The oval stick for easier handling.

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SCALDS

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For all accidents in the home there's nothing so immediately effective as Germolene. Apply it to burns and scalds instantly. It soothes at a touch and ends danger immediately it is applied.

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Germolene is the World's Greatest Healer. For all kinds of skin diseases and skin complaints it is supreme. If you are a victim of

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get your tin of this wonderful ointment immediately. Soon you will be healed and freed from that nasty skin complaint.

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Keep your skin supple, smooth, youthful and free from wrinkles, lines and blemishes by using only

GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

Just a minute, please!

Don't forget to look into the "JOHN BULL" SHOP WINDOW Page 2 — you'll be bound to find many bargains worth having

—See Page 2

DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves. Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of the long dark nights by concentrating upon something useful.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country, and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU?

Accountancy Examinations
Advertising and Sales Management
Agriculture
A.M.I. Fire E. Examination
Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation Engineering
Banking
Blue Prints
Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Builders' Quantities
Cambridge Senior School Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship. All branches
Engineering. All branches, subjects and examinations
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Institute of Housing
Insurance
Journalism
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining. All subjects
Mining. Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Novel Writing
Pattern Making
Play Writing
Police Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Press Tool Work
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Communication
Radio Service Engineering
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship, I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
School Attendance Officer
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Short Story Writing
Speaking in Public
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
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Department of Literature No. 31

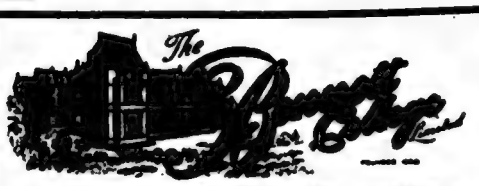
I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS... and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our Postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

YOU CANNOT MAKE MONEY BY SAVING

If you save 10s. per week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2s. 6d. per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds, then there is no need to save.

Savings are likely to vanish, but earning capacity is a permanent investment.

STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME



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HANNEN SWAFFER *tells you about*

Admiral Forbes, the Nelson of 1939, and says—

HE MAY WIN THE WAR

Picked out as probably "the greatest, most silent member of the Silent Service"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, historian of the last Great War, was recently prophetic about the present one.

"It may fall to him as to no other man, Sovereign, Admiral, Statesman or General," he wrote, "to issue orders which, in the space of two or three hours, might nakedly decide who won the war!"

He was writing of Admiral Sir Charles Forbes. Yet I doubt whether more than one Britisher in a hundred recognised his name.

The public had seen it, now and then, in newspapers, but it was not etched on its memory. Sir Charles was just "one of those sailors."

In the Navy, of course, he was famous. Jellicoe's chief gunnery officer at Jutland, and the Service's leading expert on naval gunnery, his name was known to all. But the public soon forgets.

Now, in Jellicoe's place, he ranks in importance with Viscount Gort. He is supreme commander of the British Fleet.

Soon, it is expected, the French Navy will also be under his control.

As Gamelin is Supreme Commander of the two forces on land, Forbes will become Supreme Commander on the sea.

So, as Winston said, "It may fall to him. . . ."

Who, and what, is Forbes?

What history will say of him we do not know.

The part played by the British Navy this time may be undramatic. It may follow a regular, efficient routine.

Mastery of the seas is not a matter of shrieking heroics.

On the other hand, there may be, as Winston hinted, a naval battle that will change the entire course of human history.

In cold words, Forbes was born in 1880, son of an obscure tea-planter in Ceylon. He had no "influence."

EDUCATED at the Dollar Academy and Eastman's, Southsea, he joined the Royal Navy in 1894—before he was fifteen!

This is how he rose: Commander, 1912; Captain, 1917; Rear-Admiral, 1928; Vice-Admiral, 1933; Admiral, 1936.

As for the jobs he filled, here they are: Director of Naval Ordnance, 1925-28; Commander of Flotillas, Mediterranean Fleet, 1930-31; Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy, 1932-34; Commander of the First Battle Squadron and Second-in-Command, Mediterranean Fleet, 1934-36.

Then he became Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet in 1938.

I need not speak of his courage. That, in the Royal Navy, is taken for granted.

It was his untiring energy that won for him his way to the front. It was a natural kindness to those under him that made him popular.

IN the last war he was the first officer to sink an enemy warship. When commanding the submarine E9, in 1914, he torpedoed the German cruiser "Hela" off Heligoland.

Not long after, he and other officers got through the narrow entrance to the Baltic and torpedoed the "Prince Adalbert," another cruiser.

Then drama came to him, not only in the Dardanelles, where he was executive officer, and at Jutland, but also in peace time.

While in charge of the Mediterranean destroyer squadron exercising in the Adriatic, he heard, by radio in 1931, that his twenty-one-year-old daughter was dangerously ill at Malta.

He went, full speed, in the destroyer "Anthony," on a 600-mile journey, but arrived just too late.

He was in command of the Mediterranean Fleet all through the Abyssinian trouble. So grave was the situation that I remember seeing an air-raid rehearsal on the Rock of Gibraltar!

Then came the trying time of the Civil War in Spain. All through that he had to hold his hand.

Still, in spite of all this, Forbes is a keen gardener!

He grows prize exhibits at Virginia Water, wearing, while he tends his apple trees, a battered felt hat and an old blue pullover with the collar of his soft shirt all awry.

Although a shy man in private life, he was picked out by Jacky Fisher, years before the last War, as a man who, one day, would be "the greatest, most silent, member of the Silent Service."

LAST year, when he took £35,000,000 worth of ships to the Clyde as a compliment to the Empire Exhibition, he personally showed members of the Glasgow Corporation and their wives over the ill-fated "Courageous."

Not long after, in the Munich crisis, he put to sea in the "Nelson" "in the event of trouble." Battleships and cruisers steamed around him; aeroplanes roared overhead.

It was called "exercising."

With his Naval Might, he now awaits events.

Imaginary Interview on the Blackout Bus

You Pays, but 'as No Choice!

FARES, please! . . . Thank *you*, Sir! Lumme, don't that fag smell good! . . . "Your favourite brand," eh, Gov'nor? An' you never smoke nuthin' else? Same with me; I 'ave my own fancy an' 'oo doesn't? Take my Old Woman, nah: you should 'ear 'er go off the deep end abaht old Morrison's blinkin' pools!

She says it's all stuff an' nonsense selling only one kind of tea and one kind of butter. Says she ain't particular, but she does like to pick and choose.

Wot's that you say, Sir? "Interests of national economy . . ." . . . "prices must be controlled" . . . Coo, if you was to say that to the Missus there's one thing wouldn't be controlled, and that's 'er langwidge!

* * *

Before the pool butter came in, she says, you could buy the kind you liked and know what you was getting *and* sometimes get it cheaper than one and six. But now you just pays your money and you 'as no choice. You only know you're getting butter and the price 'as gone up to eighteenpence, like it or keep it! Same with tea.

We used to buy a tea wot suited us twopence a pahnd cheaper than the pool tea.

Same with petrol . . . You 'ave your own car, you say, Sir, and you don't notice much wrong with pool spirit. I don't say there is, but I 'ave 'eard motorists, blokes who drive their own cars and 'aven't got chauffeurs and 'aven't got prioroty, like you may 'ave, Sir, go on something shocking.

* * *

You say the price was fixed 'alf way between one and five and one and seven? Yes, but 'oo decides 'ow much of the good juice is mixed with the second quality? Anyway, it's all gone up another twopence nah!

Margarine's the next thing on the list, but don't you kid yourself it's going to be the last. Why, if Morrison 'ad 'is way, we'd soon 'ave nothing but pool products and pool prices.

Suppose there was a tobacco pool, Sir? You wouldn't like that much, I'll bet. You'd 'ave to smoke any old fags at any old price then, wouldn't you?

"Nothing of the sort!" sez you. "The 'ole idea is to keep prices down!"

Don't make me laugh, Sir. I've got a split lip! Maximum prices may be all very well, but not when they're maximum and minimum, too. Leave the business people free to compete as usual, and don't it stand to reason that they'd 'ave to keep prices reasonable or lose business?

* * *

The Government 'as no intention of setting up pools for everything, you say? You're telling me! They've closed one lot of pools down properly—the football pools! Said the Post Office couldn't 'andle the work! . . . Comic, ain't it? Imagine an ordinary concern turning down profitable business because it 'ad too much to do!

But there, we never 'ave 'ad a business Government.

* * *

Getting off 'ere, Sir? Well, you've 'ad a fair pennorth, but wait 'til Morrison pools the bus tickets; 'e might control 'em at a tanner a time, long rides an' short, all one price.

Strewth! I'd 'ate to 'ave my Old Woman as a passenger then!

Are You a Good Neighbour?

AFTER a hard day's work he was tired, and within a few minutes he was dozing in his favourite chair.

He was still asleep when his wife returned home from her shopping. Not for worlds would she wake him.

But her thoughtfulness was short-lived. The air was suddenly filled with the dread warbling notes of air raid sirens.

"The sirens, Bert!" she cried.

He jumped up with a start. For a moment or two they gazed at each other silently.

In those seconds charged with emotion there was no fear for themselves but for each other, and he saw with crystal clarity the underlying tragedy—wives who might have to carry on alone.

He had not been able to do anything that would ensure any measure of financial assistance for his family. One had to pay a big premium for Air Raid Insurance.

* * *

After a while the "All Clear" signal was heard. A neighbour came in to share the cup of tea that followed. The talk naturally turned to the peril that had passed and the tragedy of the woman who is left behind.

It was then that the friendly neighbour mentioned that she has registered for JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, and suddenly the man felt as if a load had been lifted from his mind. Here was the solution to his problem.

* * *

We are all in this war together. It's the friendly, neighbourly and right thing to do to tell your neighbour about JOHN BULL'S unparalleled Free Air Raid Insurance and "All-in" Household Security Gift.

This momentous step taken by JOHN BULL strengthens confidence and gives an added feeling of security.

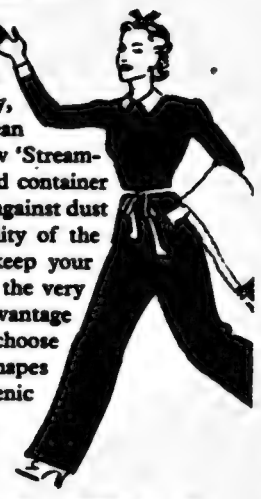
If you have not yet registered for this vital protection, do so at once on the forms on page 16.

And tell your neighbour!

NOW

your chemist can show it you in its sensational *Streamline* CASE!

GO and see it today! It's Britain's best toothbrush—the Halex, renowned for its sturdy, springy bristles. Now it's kept clean and safe for you in the amazing new 'Streamline' Case! This handsome moulded container in transparent plastic, tightly sealed against dust and germs, clearly shows the quality of the bristle. It's a brand new way to keep your toothbrush hygienically clean until the very moment you want to use it! Take advantage of this great step forward. Go and choose a Halex toothbrush *now!* Three shapes at a shilling, each in the hygienic 'Streamline' Case!



THE HALEX TOOTHBRUSH

the brush with the SPRINGY *bristles*

you still need it for your

HALEXERCISE

an EXERCISE for smiles!

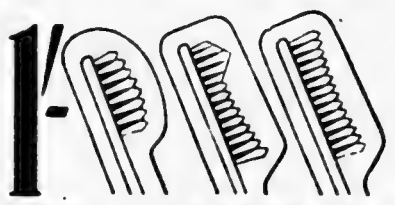
THREE SHAPES AT A

OTHERS FROM 6d TO 2/-

All in the 'Streamline' Case

(AND ALL MADE IN ENGLAND)

★ *During the war, all prices subject to alteration without notice*



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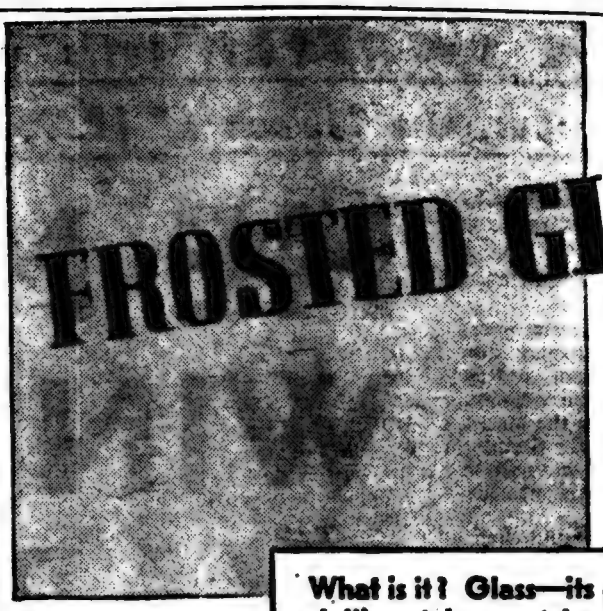
FROSTED GLASS



What is it? Glass—its gleaming surface deliberately scratched and pitted by sand to *make it dull.*
Frosted glass doesn't reflect light.

This is exactly what will happen to your teeth if you use harsh toothpastes

Moreover, bits of food work into those tiny pits and scratches, making teeth dark as well as dull and dingy. Take care! When Nature put that shining enamel on your teeth she did not reckon with harsh toothpastes! But she welcomes the gentle and sure action of Gibbs Dentifrice. Use Gibbs Dentifrice. The special polishing ingredient in Gibbs can never scratch. It *polishes*. And more—much more! Gibbs penetrating foam sweeps into every cranny, gets at dirt, loosens all deposits, kills germs; cleans away everything that could cause dinginess and decay, *makes your teeth naturally white*. Your whole mouth feels fresh when you use Gibbs. You feel a new person, and your teeth shine and sparkle as never before.

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Standard size, in original case, 6d *(reduced from 7½d).*
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The Wonder Tablet

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THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

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END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

War has endangered the Democracy of Local Government, and ratepayers must now fight for their rights

"The ballot-box is in danger, defend it with all your might!"

CUCKOO in the MAYOR'S NEST

NOT long ago, millions of Britons went to the polling-booths to choose their local councillors by the democratic method which has been dear to this country for centuries—popular vote.

If anybody had told them that their votes would be treated as of no account, that they would be represented by people not of their choice—some of the little Hitlers we have been telling you about, for example—they wouldn't have believed it.

Yet that is the position in which millions of them find themselves to-day.

In many districts the full powers of the local council for the duration of the war have been delegated to Emergency Committees in the construction of which local ratepayers have had no say.

One Emergency Committee has taken the place of the council, while another has usurped all the committees.

The ratepayers have become nothing more than automatons who must pay, pay, pay.

There are towns where such local officials as town clerks, hitherto held firmly on the leash by the representatives of the people, are now treating those representatives with haughty disdain. Even mayors have been snubbed.

THE reason is simple enough. Paid officials, in many places, have been among the quickest to obtain autocratic power.

This smack in the face for Democracy has been bestowed with war as the excuse.

In March last, local authorities were instructed by Whitehall to prepare for the handing over of civil defence functions in war time to such Emergency Committees working under a Controller. Nothing much wrong with that.

But some local authorities have been too ready to regard every form of war time government as a "civil defence function."

They have surrendered their rights to the power-hungry people on the town hall doorstep—the damage has been done.

Let us run an eye over the first Casualty List of Democracy.

Surrey County Council has "with deep regret and reluctance" suspended the normal system of county administration.

Yeovil Town Council hasn't met for three months, but may meet soon under pressure.

Dozens of councils, some bigger than Yeovil's, will not meet again for the duration of the war.

The Mayor of Salford concluded the shortest Town Council meeting ever held with "God be with us till we meet again"—as if it were the swan-song of popular government.

AND there are scores and scores of big authorities which, like the Fife County Council, will meet only quarterly—and then have the shortest meetings ever.

It was complained at a meeting of the Lanarkshire County Council that, although only emergency matters had been handed over to the Emergency Committee, this new body had been carrying on the routine work of the authority.

That complaint is being made in hundreds of places.

Stafford Council had the temerity to make a suggestion concerning the chairmanship of the local Emergency Committee. It was turned down, of course. How dare these elected representatives of the people raise their voices in the government of their towns in war time?

The chairman of such committees, by the way, has been given the significant name of controller.

And anybody can be a controller except a councillor—the man who has got his authority direct from the people!

Incidentally, what is known as the "rotation of chairmanship" is one of the most dearly-treasured traditions of local government in many places.

Rotation of chairmanship is finished wherever these non-representative representatives are functioning.

In a large number of places, ordinary committees dealing with subjects such as health, education, transport, highways, licensing, supply and sanitation, have ceased to function. Little Hitlers are even choosing the library books.

THESE Emergency Committees have been given powers which no local authorities ever had to make certain changes in the operation of the recent Midwives Act.

This means reverting to the position which that Act was intended to avoid—in short, a lowering of the standards of the midwifery service.

Another point to be remembered is that most councils in peace time had formed contacts with industry and with the trade unions.

Emergency Committees too often consider themselves all-powerful. They've no time for contacts. Many of their members have no time at all for trade unionism.

There are housing committees which wonder what will happen to the new homes they had started to build, but which were without roofs when the war broke out. Will they be left to rot?

That will be for other people to decide.

We say: Back to democratic local government.

IN the past, we have been against the filching of power from Parliament by successive Cabinets. We are against it now, despite the Government's claim that in war time there are certain matters which it would be inadvisable to reveal to a full House.

We stigmatise this binding and gagging of local councils as not one whit less disgraceful than a complete closing down of the people's Parliament would be.

To that national poster: "Your freedom is in danger" we would add the words: "The ballot-box is in danger."

DEFEND IT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

War Measures and You - - - - - - - *By a Barrister M.P.*

IF YOU ARE HURT in an AIR RAID . . .

THOSE covered by the scheme issued by the Minister of Pensions to give compensation to *certain classes* of *civilians* for injuries caused by air raids and other warlike action, are:—

Persons of both sexes who live by being paid for their work, including those temporarily out of work,

Civil Defence Volunteers, such as A.R.P. personnel and Police War Reserve.

And, under certain conditions:—

Children and young persons up to the age of 24 receiving full-time education or instruction for no, or only nominal, pay.

Women engaged on household duties in the home.

Persons receiving pensions ceasing with their deaths.

Civil Defence Volunteers may qualify for benefits for accidents arising out of their work as volunteers.

* * *

Benefits will be paid only in respect of a disabled woman engaged on household duties *if* the person for whom she works is in need, and continues to maintain her, and employs *and pays* a substitute. The pension paid will not be more than the remuneration paid to the substitute.

Awards for injuries may be an allowance, for a temporary period if the injury is not severe, or a pension, if the injury causes prolonged disablement or death.

Allowances will be at a flat rate for everyone, subject to no test as to means or need, but they will not be paid unless the injury prevents anybody following his employment, and normally will be continued only from week to week for a maximum period of six months.

They will not be paid for any weeks during which sickness or disablement benefit is drawn under the National Health Insurance Act, 1936, other than under the (Emergency) Act of 1939, nor for any period during which benefit is being received from the Unemployment Assistance Board.

When the war injury allowance is bigger than the Unemployment Assistance Board allowance, the difference may be granted.

Allowances will be based on scales varying from 42s. a week for a man with a wife and four or more children under the age of 15, to 4s. a week for an unmarried person under the age of 21, who is a patient in hospital.

Pensions will be graded according to the extent of the incapacity suffered, age, sex and relationship.

* * *

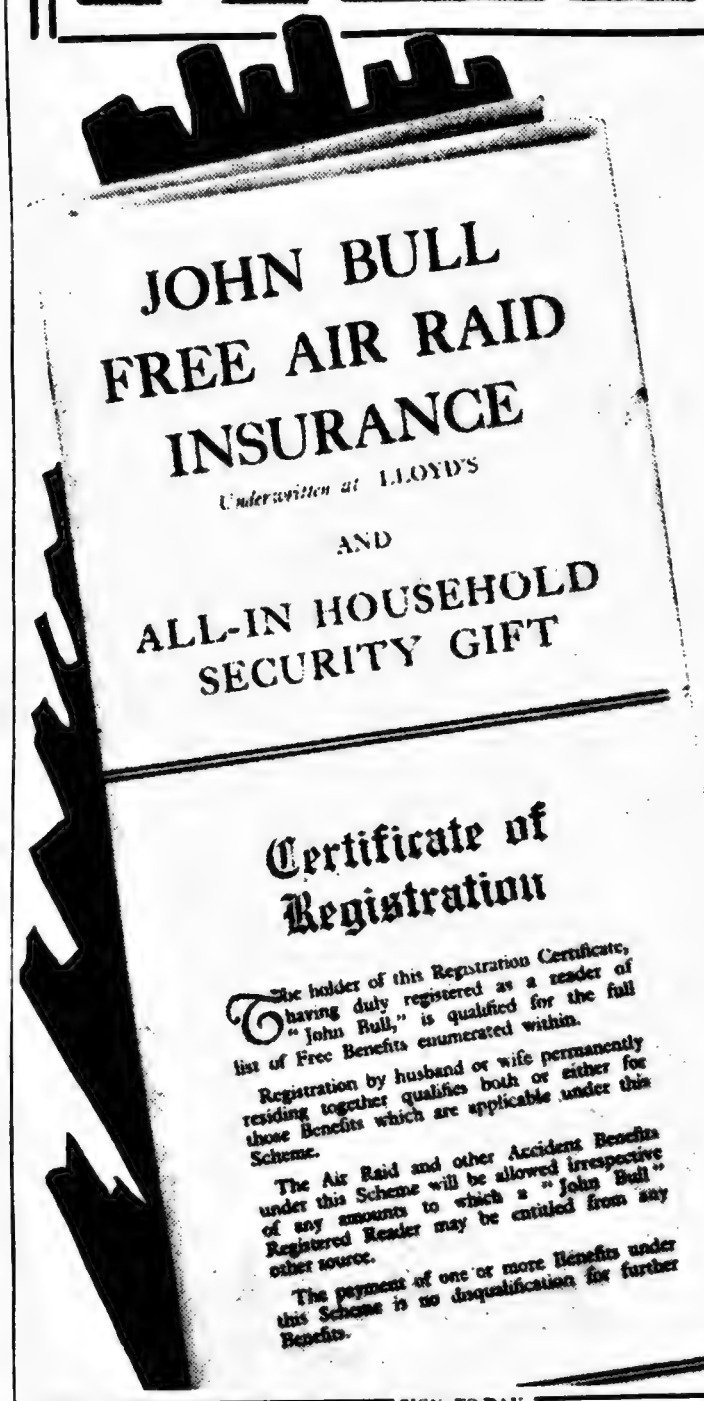
They will run from 49s. 2d. a week for a man with a wife and three or more children to support suffering 100 per cent. disablement, down to 2s. 6d.

When the injury results in death, a pension may be paid to dependents, including parents, brothers and sisters. Widows, according to their age and circumstances, may get from 15s. 6d. to 22s. 6d.

Finally, it should be remembered that the Workmen's Compensation Acts, 1925 to 1938, the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, and Common Law rights are all suspended for war and war service injuries.

Write to "John Bull" About it

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE


JOHN BULL
FREE AIR RAID
INSURANCE
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
AND
ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD
SECURITY GIFT
Certificate of
Registration
The holder of this Registration Certificate, having duly registered as a reader of "John Bull," is qualified for the full list of Free Benefits enumerated within.
Registration by husband or wife permanently residing together qualifies both or either for those Benefits which are applicable under this Scheme.
The Air Raid and other Accident Benefits under this Scheme will be allowed irrespective of any amounts to which a "John Bull" Registered Reader may be entitled from any other source.
The payment of one or more Benefits under this Scheme is no disqualification for further Benefits.

A

£200 Policy

underwritten at **LLOYD'S**

for every reader of

JOHN BULL

also

ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed

£100 for either

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:

£100 for loss of two limbs

£100 for loss of sight of both eyes

£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye

£50 for loss of one limb

£50 for loss of sight one eye

These benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE ... ... up to **£1,000**

GAS EXPLOSION up to **£100**

BURST HOT-WATER PIPES ... ... up to **£100**

STORM & FLOOD up to **£300**

BURGLARY AND HOUSE-BREAKING ... up to **£500**

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to **£300**

DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to **£10**

ONE REGISTRATION COVERS HUSBAND AND WIFE

A Certificate of Registration containing the full terms of the Free Insurance will be sent to every Reader on Registration.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date_____/.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 28/10/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/10/39

SIGN FOR SECURITY

If you are not already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" USE THE FORMS ON THE LEFT AT ONCE!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

Watch 'em

PEOPLE who sent money with gift scheme vouchers to the Northwold Publishing Company, Beverley, Yorkshire, are now told that, as times are not normal, vouchers cannot be honoured.

Even in the piping days of peace the get-rich-quick ramps of this concern brought me many complaints, and I have warned readers about the proprietor, William Bloomfield.

He'll no doubt try something else, so be on the look-out.

* * *

"Lucky" Thirteenth

Another pernicious matrimonial club to shun is the **Social Friendship Club**, Segars Lane, Southport, which has a membership fee of 2s. 6d., while another 2s. 6d. is charged "for clerical work"!

Every thirteenth member is promised a gilded Zodiac badge with "the oracle of destiny."

* * *

Eyewash Specialists

Fantastic offers made by so-called Indian eye specialists are so much alike that it seems certain many of them work in collusion.

Mr. S. M. Aly, announcing that he is to open consulting rooms "more or less permanently in Luton," is the latest of them brought to my notice.

They are all quacks, and anyone who goes near them will be very foolish.

* * *

Chain-Letter Pests

War is bringing out chain-letter pests with the same lightning effect that sun has on flowers. A letter now going round mentions that "Mrs. Gayfield received 5,000 dollars after mailing it to four friends."

It's a racket, of course, and the rogues behind it are merely paving the way to fleecing their victims.

Should any come your way, tear them up without a second consideration.

Public Benefactor

MR. J. T. MOSS, of Whinney Lane, Blackburn, receives this week's £1 1s.

He brought to my notice a topical ramp into which I am now enquiring closely.

Whether a scandal is big or small, I am eager to hear about it.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

£12,000 Air Raid Hospital Ramp

"BRITAIN'S Fourth Line" is the inspiring title of what appears on the surface to be a magnificent patriotic movement just launched from Trevor Street, Knightsbridge, London, W.

There are to be branches in all parts of the country. Women of all ages and men over military age are to be recruited voluntarily to help in keeping Britain safe.

One project is to take over a large farmhouse at Templescombe, Devon, at a cost of £12,000 as a convalescent home for civilians injured in air raids.

Already, it is stated, there is a panel of trained nurses, and it is intended to organise a corps of cyclists, motorists, air cadets and "Life Brigades" of boys and girls.

The general idea, according to literature prepared, is to form an organisation to "fill the gaps in civil defence."

That's the glowing side of the picture. Here is the other. Promoting this grandiose scheme is Erleen Victoria Whorrod, a Joan of Arc of deception, whose cock-and-bull ideas, sprung on the public at various times, have brought losses to those foolish enough to be dazzled by them.

With the exception of the "boardroom," which is well furnished and decorated in green and gold, the Trevor Street headquarters consist of a collection of bare rooms.

The old-age pensioner looking after them is still waiting for her wages. She has even lent money to Miss Whorrod!

Printers are also owed money. So are the tailors who supplied specimen uniforms. Electricity, gas and telephone have been cut off, and a number of cheques have been returned marked "R.D."

A fine start to a grand patriotic movement!

Most of this woman's ventures have ended in the same way. She has been bankrupt since 1934, and it is disgraceful that she can be allowed to go on floating trumpery schemes.

Not so long ago she started the British Industries League. People invited to act as branch agents were asked to furnish £10 each. The capital was £2. Of course, it all ended disastrously, but not before the victims had lost money they could ill afford.

Count Raczynski

REFUGEE CAUTION

SYMPATHY for Polish refugees is natural, but I feel the public should be warned about various appeals for funds that are now being made.

There is only one *official* organisation—the Polish Relief Fund, of 10, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

Count Raczynski, Polish Ambassador, is President, Lord Moyne, Chairman, and Mr. Reginald McKenna, Honorary Treasurer. The Secretary-General is Professor Bremius Tancred.

Everyone sending gifts to this fund can be assured that the money will be promptly used to the very best purpose.

One appeal not recognised is being made by a concern called the Relief and Refugee Council, of Great James Street, London, W.C.

Crudely stencilled pamphlets merely bear the signature of E. D. Hunt, described as General Secretary. No names of members of the Council are given.

The office at this address consists of one reasonably sized room and a small ante-room adjoining. There was no one there when a representative called to make enquiries.

"Will you," asks the circular of this queer Council, "take a collecting box into your air raid shelter, first-aid post, or wherever you are working now?"

Apart from police authority to make such collections now being compulsory by law, I advise you to do nothing of the kind.

HE DUPES JOBLESS

NEARLY every day I receive enquiries about the firm of F. Youngson and Company, of Newbald, York, described as employment specialists.

There is a branch at Hull, and the firm claims to have agents and correspondents throughout the country. Imposing notepaper is headed: Publishers, Manufacturers, Printers and Advertising Agents.

This is a one-man concern, run by F. F. Youngson, probably the most blatant of all the fee-snatchers I have come across. He advertises for spare-time workers, men or women, but he has no genuine employment to offer.

After wading through bundles of literature, all cunningly worded and thoroughly deceptive, this offer of employment becomes merely a request for 3s. 6d. for the "complete equipment," or 6s. if it includes a combination pen and pencil with ink powder.

There is also a guide to securing work to be done at home.

Then follows more literature about the manufacture of polishes, beauty preparations and so on, which means sending more money to Youngson.

It is an endless chain of fee-snatching and is one of the cruellest methods of making money ever devised.

"Brer Roberts"

"RUN, rabbit, run," in the words of the latest song hit, is the warning that I am tempted to give to those who have been asked to work for British Farm Commodities, of Holborn, London, E.C.

The company wants rabbits so urgently that a telegram was sent to a Plymouth man appointed buyer for his district.

"Please arrange," the message read, "to despatch as many rabbits as you can. Rabbits are urgently required. They should be sent by passenger train to London terminus."

The buyer was expected to pay for the rabbits with his own money!

He had been given the job as soon as he replied to an advertisement and was not asked for any of the customary references.

Behind this loose arrangement I find Albert Frederick Roberts, whose dubious capital-raising efforts in connection with a debt-encumbered woman's newspaper I exposed last week.

His unscrupulous scheming is obviously widespread, and this latest impudent venture is almost the same as the racket for which he was jailed a few years ago!

Once more he is advertising for buyers, who imagine they are acting for his firm, but find they are left liable for payment of produce that Roberts collars.

His notepaper shows his cool cheek.

There are five telephone numbers, and the address includes "Rooms 19 to 25." Below the line "Associated Companies" is a string of what appear to be the names of companies, but are really descriptions of business functions, such as "British Accident Claims Assessing Agents."

It is not long since Roberts came out of jail. It is time the police looked into his activities again.

CAMOUFLAGED RASCAL

"LUMINOUS badge—glows at night—selling in thousands—£2 a gross," announces an advertisement by Burgin and Co., of Lambs Conduit Passage, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.

A Scarborough trader sent cash with his order as requested, but he is still in the dark because he cannot obtain delivery of the glow badges.

Others, I find, are in a similar plight.

I can shed light on the mystery.

Burgin and Co. is just the camouflage of a notorious old rascal, Edward Donallon, who has been swindling people for a quarter of a century and has been jailed several times.

Before the war his favourite racket was a fabulous profit-sharing scheme in commodity buying and selling. Generally the sharing began and ended with Donallon!

His flowery letters were sent out from Lambs Conduit Passage in the same way as his new offer of glow badges, and I discover that it is simply an accommodation address where he collects letters.

So far it has been a war of riddles. John Bull's experts have been probing into some of them, and—

Here Are the Answers

Germany is not short of land. How, therefore, can she be brought to her knees through shortage of food?

She has the land, certainly, but she lacks the nitrogenous and phosphatic fertilisers necessary for it.

Because of that shortage, her wheat and rye crops fell by half in the last war, barley by two-sevenths, potatoes by more than half. This, in turn, meant a shortage of feeding-stuffs for cattle.

For several years, Germany has been taking men off the land for the Army and munition factories. Like us, she has relied more and more on imports. Our Navy is seeing that she doesn't get them.

★

How can we stop goods going to Germany if they are sent first to a neutral firm in, say, Holland, and then forwarded from there?

That is one of the problems of the Ministry of Economic Warfare. Wherever possible, the Ministry is offering alternative markets to neutrals who have merchandise that Germany wants.

That is to say, we buy the goods ourselves for cash—Germany cannot pay cash—or find another cash buyer.

★

How quickly can Germany replace the U-boats which have been sunk by the British Navy?

Not nearly so quickly as we can sink them. Germany has already lost more than 20 of her U-boat fleet of 60.

Figures for German naval shipbuilding have always been a closely guarded secret, but it is known that Germany has thirteen U-boats now on the stocks, most of which are the ocean-going type—500 tons and more.

It will be some months yet before they will be able to take the water, and the training of effective crews is a still longer job.

As for building more U-boats, Germany's plans will be increasingly retarded as Britain's blockade prevents her from getting raw materials.

★

What risk is there of Germany carrying out germ-warfare on water supplies and crops?

Very little, for the idea of dropping germs from aeroplanes has already been proved futile.

As for infecting rats and vermin with bubonic plague and typhus, the risk would soon become as great for the attacking country as the defending one.

★

Germany has been experimenting with the Russian idea of dropping troops by parachute. Could Britain be invaded in this way?

If heavy planes could get through our defences, a few hundred troops might be landed, but they would soon be overwhelmed in a country as thickly populated as Britain. Remember, the troops dropped by parachute find themselves scattered over a wide area and must have time to get in touch with one another.

No, parachute troops are only of real use in a desolate country such as Russia, where they can be dropped unseen in a wilderness to cause diversions behind enemy lines.

★

We have heard nothing of Warsaw since its gallant resistance collapsed. What is happening there to-day?

In the ruins of the city, thousands are without work or food. Even the water supplies have broken down.

The German invaders are organising meagre supplies of foodstuffs, but, through the collapse of the sanitary system, an epidemic is feared.

Able-bodied citizens are being formed into labour companies and marched off to work in agricultural districts.

★

Why has Turkey loomed so large in diplomatic manœuvres since the outbreak of war?

Because of her strategic position in the East Mediterranean. She sits near the Suez Canal, which is our life-line to the East. She straddles the narrow Straits which are the Black Sea's (and therefore Russia's) only outlet to the Mediterranean. And her neighbours are Iran and Iraq, the oil-suppliers.

Any combination with Turkey on its side commands the Eastern Mediterranean and is sure of oil.

★

What has happened to civil aviation since the war began?

In Europe, we are still running the London-Paris route and a service to Scandinavia. The Empire flying-boat services are busier than ever, because of increased difficulty and danger of travel by sea.

Only within Britain itself has civil aviation been greatly hit. The authorities naturally cannot allow civil planes to get mixed up with their war planes.

★

After forcing the Baltic Germans to return to the Reich, Hitler stated that he intended to repatriate all other German minorities in Europe as soon as possible. Where are these minorities, and how many people do they number?

Belgium has 90,000 Germans, Hungary 530,000, Italy 200,000, Netherlands 100,000, Rumania 720,000, Yugo-Slavia 575,000, Denmark 40,000, Luxembourg 250,000 Liechtenstein 10,000.

There are 50,000 Germans in Great Britain, including 35,000 refugees.

★

Has Russia any motive in wooing Finland beyond completing her stranglehold on the Baltic?

Yes, and a very important one. Finland has the largest deposits of nickel ore in Europe—and without nickel you can't make war.

Britain has no need to worry. Canada has five out of every hundred tons of nickel in the world are in American and British hands.

Without Fear or Favour

NICE WORK

—if you can get it!

by THE EDITOR

BIG business has its "guinea-pigs," timid little beasts that squeak unnoticed at directors' meetings. But the men who hold down big jobs in industry and commerce are usually big men. They must have expert knowledge because without it they cannot show profits and pay dividends.

There is only one big business in this country that can go on running at a loss; only one vast enterprise which need not be enterprising.

It is the business of government.

You can't shoot guinea-pigs in Whitehall. You can't chivvy them out of the Government Departments and the warrens of the Civil Service.

By age-long custom and tradition, the guinea-pigs are closely preserved in the grand administrative national park.

We have no use for guinea-pigs ourselves, but to anybody who does want a cosy departmental hutch with steady rations for life, we say: "Join the administrative services; it's nice work if you can get it!"

Broadly speaking, the big business of government is out of the hands of business men. It is being run by "doll's eye polishers," those theorist figureheads whom the late Sir Henry Wilson described tersely as "the Frocks," because, during the last war, they still wore frock-coats and shiny toppers.

Many of the administrative plums are still falling into these frock-coated laps.

Sir John Gilmour, bless his honest heart, has collected the plum of merchant shipping.

Sir John meant to retire before the next election. He is sixty-four years old, and there are still people who remember that he was once Home Secretary. Now he is the ruler of the King's (Merchant) Navee, and we dare assert that he knows the difference between a binnacle and a barnacle.

Nice work! If you can get it!

Not that Sir John isn't a nice fellow. He is. They all are.

They went to the right schools.

THEY hunted the right packs, or hunted with them. They belong definitely to the right set.

But they are not experts in their particular jobs. They are not business men whose reputations and fortunes have been made by running their own businesses superlatively well.

And we can't understand why amateurs in office should have experts to advise them when the experts themselves ought to be given the jobs.

To put it plainly, the Government is carrying too many "passengers," all first class.

The happy Cabinet family changes seats from time to time and occasionally makes room for a well-connected newcomer.

But no outsiders are admitted—with the possible exception of Cousin Winston, a fellow of excellent family but fidgety habits!

JOHN BULL never subscribed to the theory of government by a "governing class"; still less does it accept the unspoken ministerial contention that in time of war criticism is faintly unpatriotic.

There is no doubt that ministers and departmental chiefs and permanent civil servants do, in their own minds, resent criticism.

The other day Lord Newton was complaining in the Upper House about the pamphlets which the R.A.F. has been dropping in Germany.

He didn't find it easy to get hold of one of these "secret" documents, but, having done so, he came to the conclusion that its propaganda was pitifully ineffective.

We share that view. If one of our own staff had been given the job of telling the German people about the way the Nazi leaders had smuggled their private fortunes abroad, we should have expected a punch in every paragraph; not a dull piece of unconvincing and tedious prose.

Lord Macmillan, however, the Minister of Information, was distinctly peevish at Lord Newton's complaint.

He thought it "a little unfortunate that every publication and every step taken to promote our cause abroad should be submitted to severe criticism here!"

We think it is unfortunate that they deserve criticism.

And we think it amazing that the chief of the most criticised and inefficient Ministry the war has yet produced should expect bouquets when brickbats are called for.

This particular Ministry was stuffed with guinea-pigs. Half of them have now disappeared, but only to pastures new.

With rare exceptions, the professors, the musicians, the retired civil servants, the parsons, the artists, the titled women, and the rest of that queer collection are still pulling down the same salaries in some other department.

WE don't know and Parliament itself can't find out who dug up all the "dug outs."

We do know that, as a matter of principle, pensioners ought not to be allowed to draw pension and salary both for work that can be done by working men.

And we also cling to the belief that, if you want a job well done, you had better get a trained man to do it.

EXPERTS ARE PLENTIFUL AS BLACKBERRIES IN AUTUMN. WHAT WE LACK ARE GOOD PICKERS.

We do not doubt the efficiency of regular civil servants in their own departments, but we have no special respect for the administrative mind as such.

We don't, for instance, believe that twenty years in the Inland Revenue will qualify any man to prepare national propaganda or organise the nation's fish supply.

AND WE PROTEST TO-DAY WITH ALL THE VIGOUR AT OUR COMMAND AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S DELEGATION OF ITS OWN POWERS TO A HOST OF AMATEURS, HIDE-BOUND OFFICIALS, DUG-OUTS, AND "DOLL'S EYE POLISHERS."

These people are responsible for waste and inefficiency in a score of public services.

They experimented with the decentralisation of the fishing industry, and, having reduced it to chaos, returned to Billingsgate in an undignified flurry which only Billingsgate itself could adequately describe.

They are running the "pools" which control petrol and butter and tea supplies, and will soon control heaven-knows-what besides.

They fix prices, cut out competition, and automatically send up the cost of living.

There is a plague of "perishing amateurs."

We had a year to prepare for all the contingencies of war, and complacent Ministers assured us that we were prepared.

But look at the delays in the rationing schemes. Consider the crass muddle of national registration. Observe the gigantic waste and confusion that still exists in every branch of A.R.P.

Sir John Gilmour, bless his honest heart, has collected the plum of merchant shipping

Industry is being throttled by this inefficiency and muddle. The black-out that has quenched the night-life of the country is merely part of the darkness of the official mind.

OUR leaders seem to think that nothing matters except the conduct of the war by the Fighting Services; they cannot or will not realise that these Services can only be maintained by the civilian population and the output of the industrial army.

Contempt of civilian needs is suicidally "bad business." And yet, even now, the Government refuses to sponsor any scheme to insure house property against war risks; it has not begun to "take up the slack" of the increased unemployment, which its own officials and control boards and rules and regulations have largely occasioned.

The bureaucrats are busy enough.

And tens of thousands of officials, temporary or permanent, are filling in forms of triplicate and drawing good pay to wind their fellows more tightly in red tape.

Nice work—if you can get it!

HUMANIST shows that although an interfering mother-in-law can be very funny as a music-hall joke she is a serious menace to many happy marriages.

It's That Woman Again!

When mother comes in at the door, she frequently drives love out of the window. Her interference is bound to cause trouble.

"MY husband insisted on bringing his father, mother and grandfather on our honeymoon. . . . They stayed at the same hotel, went everywhere with us, and only the mother seemed to be consulted when plans had to be made."

I must admit that this beginning to a letter from a young wife opened my eyes. So many letters are written to me about the mischief caused by mothers-in-law that I have to keep them in a special file.

But the young woman's complaint struck a new note.

"Trouble started as soon as we were married," she explained. "I was never consulted about anything. I was quickly relegated to the back seat and I have been there ever since.

"My husband's people came home with us, and his mother took charge of the new home.

"Eventually she went away, but not before telling my husband how much to allow me each week. The arrival of a baby made things worse.

"Four months ago my mother-in-law succeeded in separating us."

The wife returned to her home after a solicitor had pointed out to the husband the error of his ways. The mother-in-law now stays away, but the husband still spends all his time with his own people.

"HE is never at home except at meal-times and bed-time," continues the wife. "He spends every free week-end at his mother's home, sleeping there and making life unbearable for me when he returns.

"The doctor says I shall have a breakdown if this continues, but my husband will not agree to a separation. He refuses to support the child and me. He wants me to leave him so that his mother can be installed in my place."

The wife ought to have tackled the problem on the day of her marriage. She should have refused point blank to go on such a honeymoon.

It is ridiculous to think of a man taking the mother on his honeymoon. It would be a music-hall joke if it were not so painful.

It is amazing that any man in his senses should want to take a family with him on such an occasion. And I can't understand three adults agreeing to go.

The man who cannot bear to be away from his mother ought not to marry. He has not yet grown up. Such a marriage can never be happy, and I think this young wife would be justified in suing for a judicial separation on grounds of mental cruelty.

"My great trouble is my wife's mother," says another correspondent. "She is only a small woman, but to me she is the very devil.

"I am thirty, my wife twenty-eight, and we are happy, quiet, home-loving and deeply concerned with our three children.

"EVEN though the mother is not living with us and my wife does not side with her in this never-ending bossy interference, she is still a terrible menace. Surely we are quite capable of looking after our own affairs without so much advice and interference from a woman who wants to be a Dictator.

"My tactful attempts at quietly 'telling her off' have only made her worse.

"Would you advise a row to end it all? I feel that if we moved she would follow. My patience is at an end."

This man should at least take satisfaction from the fact that his wife agrees with him. In so many instances the wife sides with her mother.

But I hate to think of his running away from the trouble. This man is in a good job, earning good money. Why should he be driven away?

The mother-in-law has no right to interfere. She has no right even to enter the house without invitation. If she can't control her tongue she should be ordered to stay away.

"My mother-in-law lives with us," writes a man who has been married for twenty-one years. The father of a boy of seventeen and a girl of six, his life is now robbed of its pleasure by the old woman's bad temper.

"She is a jealous, selfish woman," he adds bitterly, "sulky and domineering."

"Although she is always causing trouble, upsetting my wife and children, we cannot turn her out.

"For five years we kept her until she was old enough for the Old Age Pension. She now subscribes seven shillings for food, home and clothes, but I am afraid that her constant nagging and bickering will send my wife crazy."

It would be difficult for good citizens to turn the old woman out of the house, but she must be made to behave herself if she is allowed to stay. Many old people are trying. They create trouble in a thousand homes. Younger people merely have to be patient with them.

Some elderly people are delightful companions. When they become cantankerous and make nuisances of themselves, they have to be kept under control. You are justified in doing this for the good of the household.

Consider the problem of another man who has been married three years.

"I CAN put up quite cheerfully with the usual petty interferences," he says, "but I am greatly troubled by the way my mother-in-law handles my baby son.

"The old woman is nearly seventy, quite decrepit, and suffers from heart attacks, yet she persists in coming to help her daughter. And she will not leave the boy in his pram or play-pen.

"She pulls him all over the place, usually by a limb, or alternatively she nearly crushes him with frantic 'love' hugs that leave him useless for minutes.

"After one of her visits not only is the poor child exhausted but also the old woman is too worn out to make her way home. So she has to stay the night. Then the whole business is repeated next morning.

"Afraid that some injury will be done to the boy, I am always protesting, but my wife seems unable to realise that she is entitled to run her own home."

This mother-in-law is behaving as a great many grannies behaved years ago, but it is now agreed that this constant "manhandling" of a child is very bad.

Some good might be done if the husband had a chat with the family doctor and asked him to forbid such treatment.

The wife, too, ought to support her husband. It is absurd for a married woman with children of her own to be overawed by a seventy-year-old mother.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted

The war at home is against

NERVES, BAD NIGHTS DEPRESSION

Read how a married woman keeps up her health & good spirits

'Recently I suffered very badly from a nervous breakdown, and could not get myself well again. But when I started to take Wincarnis twice a day the result was amazing. The pallidness left me along with the breathlessness, and I was able to do my work again.'

Mrs. P. W. (Manchester)

A cheap tonic wine is NOT a bargain

When health is at stake, we cannot afford to think of bargains. We must have — and quickly — the very best advice, the very best medicine. That is why so many women buy Wincarnis Tonic Wine, although there are cheaper tonic wines. Three simple facts explain the continued leadership of Wincarnis among tonic wines: (1) Wincarnis is made with wines of the highest class. (2) The medical profession has used and recommended Wincarnis Tonic Wine for 50 years. More than 25,000 written recommendations have been received from medical men. (3) The gist of what doctors say is this: for all types of CONVALESCENCE and WEAKNESS, Wincarnis is the tonic of tonics, rapid in action and *lasting in effect*.

Health is priceless—

WINCARNIS

only 5'6 a bottle

(Champagne pint size 3'3)

"Greatest of These"

ALBERT DAY is a Wiltshire man who, after serving in the last war, was called up again in August to show still further proof of his patriotism.

Willingly he gave his service as a member of the Territorial Army, but he was discharged after a month as medically unfit because of an old war wound.

He was then found employment in an artillery school, but had to relinquish the job because of an ulcerated leg.

With a wife and four children to support, this patriotic sufferer cannot claim unemployment assistance and has to exist on 12s. a week from National Health Insurance until his leg is healed.

Such a patriot deserves to be helped, and we earnestly beg readers to be as generous as they can in assisting this very willing, but sorely handicapped man.

Donations earmarked "Handicapped," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Her father is a real patriot

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. 6d. from "Bim" (Middlesbrough).

America WILL 'come in'

says Christopher Stone

IN these days, I'm sure, American news and views—and therefore the Bush PB65—are of special interest to all.

Why this particular Bush Model? Because, while being Bush's No. 1 performer, it is specially outstanding on the Short Waves. Bush have included an extra valve in the Short-wave circuit, thus achieving the best possible reception. Then there is the Bush 'Teleflic' which enables you to keep track of stations once you have received them. Together, these features ensure that America will always 'come in'—and always be worth listening to.

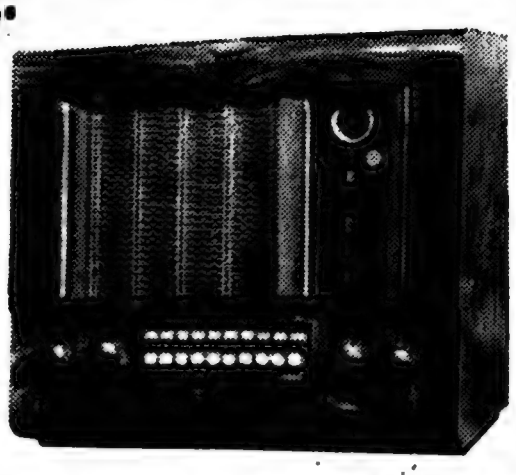
The tone, as befits the Bush No. 1 receiver, is particularly rich—'a million dollars' the Americans would say! Have a 'world tour' this evening at your nearest Bush dealers.

Bush BUTTONRADIO

Bush Appointed Dealers Display this Sign

THE SYMBOL OF BUSH RELIABLE RADIO

from 8½ gns.



ALL-WAVE MODEL P.B.65

with TRIODE output.

7-valve (inc. rect.) A.C. superhet. 10 Bush Buttons—6 stations, 3 waveband selectors and gram. control. Extra H.F. valve for short wave reception. Variable selectivity. 'Teleflic'. 'Magic Eye'.

14½ gns. cash

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LESS MONEY TO SPEND ON FOOD IN YOUR FAMILY?

War-time wages problem solved

MONEY'S scarce, housekeeping's harder and winter will soon be here with its need for more lighting, heating, cooking and warmer clothes. How are you going to pay for all this, and still give your family all the nourishment they need? Bournville Cocoa is the answer! Did you know that a warming, heartening cup of Bournville not only settles the stomach—but, made with all milk, it actually gives you the same food value as 2 eggs, or a ½ lb. of cod, for one penny-farthing?

Look at the people in these actual photos, and read the letter below from another lady.

AFTER THE SAME MEAL WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA
'Grand! You've put new life and warmth into me with that meal.'
'And Bournville Cocoa settles your food—you'll sleep well to-night!'

'How I buy 3d. worth of nourishment for 1¼d.'

By MRS. E. MILLARD, *wife of Telegraph Wireman*

'With seven to feed on my husband's pay, it used to be a real job to buy them enough nourishing food in the cold weather,' says Mrs. Millard, of Hurst, Berks. 'Then last winter, I read that a cup of Bournville Cocoa was just as nourishing as two eggs. So I started giving them all Bournville at supper-time. It did my heart good to see how it satisfied them, and it certainly kept them well all the winter. I tell everyone now a cup of your Bournville Cocoa is really 3d. worth of nourishment for 1¼d.'

START BOURNVILLE TO-NIGHT

Give the family a treat to-night—give them all steaming cups of Bournville at supper or bed-time. Give it to the kiddies for breakfast too. See how much more satisfied and happy they all look! See the wonderful way roses come back to pale cheeks! And count up the money you save—money to buy coal, light and extra warm clothes.

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

—A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

WILL SCOTT introduces a topical note of mystery into this war-time short story

Small Boy of Sixty

IT was the second Sunday of the war. Do you remember it?

A golden day, much more like a summer's day than many of the days of summer had been. A perfect day, but for what man was doing in it.

I had walked down to the other end of the town, for want of something better to do, and was sitting on the old jetty with my field-glasses on the chance that there might be something interesting to see. There was, in fact, very little of anything to see.

But moving my field-glasses round from place to place I caught my first glimpse of the motionless man on the cliff.

He was an elderly man, and fat, and he sat with his chin on his fist and his elbow on his knee, staring across the sea at nothing whatever. He was the most fed-up looking man I have ever seen. That was my first impression.

"Worrying about the war," was the idea I had. "Well, aren't we all?"

I wasn't very interested. You see, he wasn't very interesting. Not then, at all events. I moved my field-glasses.

There were plenty of people to watch on the beach. Foster-parents with their little evacuees, splashing about in the water, paddling, shrimping. There were even one or two people on the pier, a mile away. But the sea was quite empty of shipping.

A small sound far away became an approaching roar. A plane, flying low, swept through the sky overhead and was gone behind me. I moved my glasses again.

For the second time I found myself looking at the motionless man on the cliff.

He was still motionless. I will swear he had not moved a fraction of an inch, that he did not see the foster-parents and their evacuee charges that he had not seen the aircraft. His mind seemed to be miles away.

I remember thinking. "Perhaps he'll stay there, just like that, for the duration—looking at nothing. Though how he'll manage to get food. . . ."

Then suddenly he moved!

I'd have moved, too, to look at something more exciting, but it was the *way* he moved. It kept me absolutely still, watching him. I don't think I've ever seen anything so furtive.

Slowly his head turned. He glanced behind him, over his shoulder, to where, across the promenade, was the steep end of a short avenue, lined with modest villas.

THEN he was still again, staring, staring at the street. I moved my glasses a little. There was nobody in sight. The avenue was quite empty in the sunlight.

Then I thought, "Spies?"

Such things come into your mind at such times.

Yes, furtive; that was the word. Still and silent and staring, and so obviously *not wanting to be noticed.* For a moment things *tingled.*

I should think five minutes passed. Nothing whatever happened. He didn't move. He just went on staring over his shoulder, furtively.

And then, slowly, he rose.

All the time he kept his eyes on the avenue, or one of the houses in it. Risen, he stood still for perhaps a couple of minutes on the grassy mound where he had been sitting. Then, warily, he moved forward.

He went down to the promenade, crossed, reached the end of the avenue. He stopped.

He was two or three hundred yards away from me. Through my field-glasses I could see perfectly, although I could hear nothing; small sounds, that is, sounds that he, no doubt, could hear.

But I could see perfectly. I saw him stop with a jerk. He had heard something, or imagined something. You could tell that. He drew back behind a high wall enclosing the garden of the end house on the avenue. Back! Right out of sight!

He drew back behind a high wall enclosing the garden of the end house on the avenue. Back! Out of sight nearly! What was he up to? Could it be that he was a spy?

I swung my glasses round, swept the avenue with them. There was nobody. Not a garden gate opened. Not a soul appeared in sight. I returned to the mystery man.

Now he was peeping round the high wall, and thus he remained for a minute or two. Then he came out into the open again and slowly, very slowly, moved forward up the steep little street.

"Spy?" I thought. "But would he be so open about it? There's nobody about, but he doesn't *know* who may be watching."

Not that he *was* open about it. Far from it, but for a spy he seemed to be taking risks.

He moved along the avenue, past a small allotment. He came to the wall of the second villa. He stopped.

A high privet hedge topped the wall. I saw him part it with his hands and peep through. Then once more he moved along, on to the gate. And there he stood, motionless again, listening.

There wasn't any doubt about it.

I could tell it clearly through my glasses. He was *listening*!

"Can he be *playing* at spies?" I wondered. "Like a small boy? Old fool! Must be sixty if he's a day."

AND then he came to life. He backed away from the gate two or three paces, turned, hurried down the avenue to the promenade, crossed quickly and resumed his seat on the grassy mound, chin on fist, elbow on knee, staring out across the sea at nothing, just as he had been when I first caught sight of him.

"Well, damn it!" I exclaimed aloud.

I clambered to my feet and put my field-glasses away. Whatever he had heard or thought he had heard it had brought nobody out of the villa. Perhaps he was mad? I moved off. This would have to be seen into!

Five minutes later I was sitting on the grassy mound not three feet away from him. I might have been a late holidaymaker for all he knew. It was all done quite casually.

"Wonderful afternoon," I said, to get things going.

"Yes," he said, but without looking round.

"Pity the times aren't better," I went on.

"Yes," he agreed, still without looking round.

"What more does any man want than this?" I asked him with a gesture, indicating the sunshine and the deep empty sky.

He did not speak.

"But many men *do*, it seems," I added.

He did not speak.

"Do you think it will be a long war or a short war?" I ventured.

He got up, moved away, sat down again some twenty or thirty feet off.

"Oh!" said I.

WELL, there was nothing to be gained there, that was evident. He didn't want to hear anything I had to say. What was more, he didn't mean to. And he was giving nothing away. I gave it up.

He had not looked at me once. I was certain I had already passed out of his mind. He had other things to think about.

I went down to the promenade and crossed to the end of the avenue. What to do now? I wanted to find out anything there might be to find out, but where and how? Nobody but the motionless man on the cliff behind me was in sight. I walked up the avenue.

Perhaps the second villa could explain something of the mystery?

I stopped at the allotment and, resting my arms on the fence, made a pretence of being interested in cabbages. The wall of the villa with its privet top was just to my right. I waited.

For a little while there was silence. Then a door opened and three or four voices were raised in a sound from which you could pick nothing to understand. There were footsteps on a path. A gate creaked.

Busy through the corners of my eyes with the second villa I kept on pretending a keen interest in cabbages.

(Continued on page 24)

"WHAT! NO WALKIES TO-NIGHT?" begs Fluff

FLUFF'S always begging. It's his only exercise! He can get nearly everything by begging—except a walk in the black-out. Mistress won't risk it. And yet Fluff's still a 'plus' dog.

Do black-outs mean "no walkies" for your dog? Will rationing mean an ill-balanced diet for him? Bound to! These two factors will surely lower his condition unless you take steps *to keep his blood pure.*

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is the sure way of purifying a dog's blood. By ridding his blood of the toxic impurities set up by restricted exercise and faulty feeding, Bob Martin's will make your dog a 'plus' dog and maintain a rich, *pure* blood supply. One Bob Martin's once a day will make him twice as fit, twice as high-spirited, twice as companionable.

The cost is negligible, the reward great. *From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d and 1/-.*

FREE BOOKLET Your problems of dog management are all solved in "How to care for Your Dog in Wartime." Free on application to Bob Martin Ltd., 60, Union St., Southport, Lancs.

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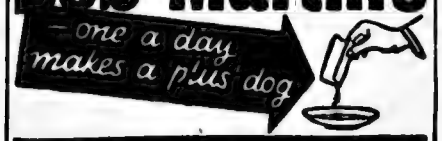


I GO STRAIGHT FROM MY OFFICE to take my turn on duty at the air raid shelter. It amounts to doing two days' work in a day, and even though there aren't any alarms it takes a good deal out of me.

BEING A SOLDIER is a new kind of life for me. It's a grand life, but it takes a bit of getting used to after sitting at a desk all day.

In times like these, we all need 1st GROUP SLEEP

I'M A BUS CONDUCTOR and I reckon my job's just about twice as hard since the war started. What with counting change and clipping tickets in the dark, looking out for request stops and helping the driver to pick his way, I'm pretty tired by the time I get home.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH ONE DO YOU BELONG TO?

3rd GROUP SLEEP

Bad sleepers, people who find it hard to go to sleep, or people who wake tired in the morning, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers.

The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night — *activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2nd GROUP SLEEP

People in this Group wake fresh enough, yet feel they lack energy during the day. They get tired easily, feel 'nervy,' run-down. They can't concentrate.

Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition — ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1st GROUP SLEEP

People in this Group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 6 or 7 hours in bed, they have endless energy during the day. They are never handicapped by 'nerves' or tiredness.

They get the right kind of sleep — that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everybody should have.

IN these times of increased activity and extra strain the best of our defences for the brain and body is good sleep.

Scientists say there are 3 kinds of sleep — and it is tremendously important which kind you get. Hospital tests have proved that the reason why so many people either can't sleep, or sleep badly, or wake tired, is because they belong to the 2nd or 3rd sleep groups. The accumulation of the body's acid waste products in the blood *activates* their brain and nerves all night.

After experimenting with many foods and drinks, doctors found that only Horlicks taken at bedtime counteracted completely these excess acid waste products. Horlicks thus guards against Night Starvation and gives you 1st Group Sleep.

Many of the world's most famous people drink Horlicks every night. Start drinking Horlicks yourself — get 1st Group Sleep — and notice how much better you feel all day.

NO NEED TO ADD MILK

Horlicks is not a drug but a food. It is one of the most nourishing foods in the world. No need to add milk, the milk is already in it. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d and 1/-.

HORLICKS *at bedtime gives you* **1ST Group Sleep**

YOU GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR SLEEP, NOW WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST.

SAYS *Master Okay* — *the Saucy Boy.*

28 YEARS AGO—"The soldier prizes a good sauce with his dinner or... supper.... He prefers 'O.K.' Sauce to any other."
—*United Service Gazette, 1st June, 1912*

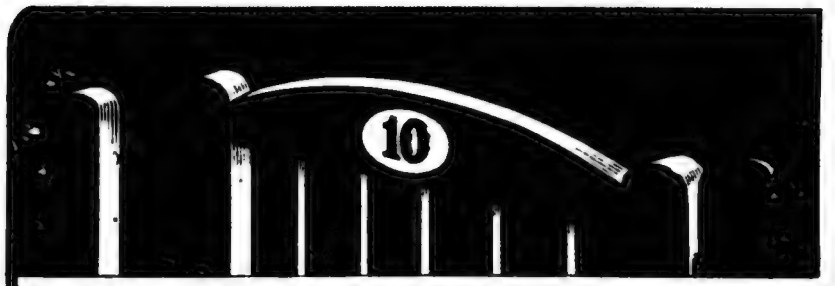
The luscious fruits in O.K. Sauce are full of rich sun-ripened nourishment. They make even dull "War Fare" breakfasts enjoyable and children relish every meal that is brightened with a dash of this truly fruity sauce.

Prices as usual

At all good Stores.

MASON'S O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD



Mrs. Smith's at No. 11

It was just in casual conversation over the garden fence that Mrs. Brown mentioned the fact of her boy needing shoes, but as she said "What with curtailed trains and buses, shortening days and 'black-out' nights—going into town isn't much fun."

So Mrs. Smith was able to tell her the advantages of being in a Littlewood 1/- Club—and with the aid of the Catalogue she is doing Mrs. Brown a great service.

Perhaps your neighbours are in the same position—think how you could help them out and at the same time increase your own Income, if you were an Organiser of a Littlewood Club. There is also a Free Gift for you the moment you start.

SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS—We will do the rest.

- NO STOCKS
- NO DEPOSIT
- NO CANVASSING
- NO TRAINING

THIS IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS AN EXTRA INCOME

Invitation **COUPON**

I would like to run a Littlewood Club. Send me your **Catalogue and Complete Club Outfit—value 5/—FREE.** I am over 21.

Name .....

JB.22. State Mr., Mrs. or Miss and write in BLOCK LETTERS

Address .....

Town .....

Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp, to **Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3**

Good-bye to ACID STOMACH

To hear some people talk you would think Acid Stomach was an incurable disease. Nonsense. Look at me. I used to suffer from Excess Acid in my stomach as badly as any man living. But not now. No, sir.

What is the Secret of my Cure? Simplest thing in the world. One single bottle of Maclean Brand StomachPowder.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly corrects excess acid

Excess acidity arises from a variety of causes—irregular or rushed meals, unsuitable food, worry, etc. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder does four things for you:

(1) **It neutralises the acid which is eating into the stomach wall and causing pain.**

(2) **It puts a protective coating over the inflamed or delicate parts, preventing the development of ulcers, etc.**

(3) **It cleans the stomach and enables the body to extract its proper nourishment from your food.**

(4) **It cleans the intestines, thus preventing food waste from poisoning the system.**

Take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets and enjoy your meals again without a trace of indigestion.

Be sure to ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which is only genuine with the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" on bottle, tin and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets. Pocket Tins of Tablets, 6d. and 9d. Slide-top Tin, 1/3.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Delicious JAM ROLY-POLY

8 oz. plain flour — 4 oz. suet
½ teaspoon salt — Cold water to mix
1 rounded teaspoon Borwick's

Shred suet finely. Add flour, salt and Borwick's. Mix to dough with water. Roll out oblong. Spread with jam, leaving edges clear. Damp edges and roll up. Put in floured cloth, tie at each end. Drop in boiling water and boil 2 hours.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

and plain flour is cheapest

SKIN DISEASES

Miraculously Cured by **HERBAL TREATMENT**

Thousands cured during the last 30 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KURRI HOUSE, BRADFORD.

Continuing Will Scott's Short Story of

The Small Boy of Sixty

There they were, far out across the wet sands, laughing, splashing, shouting, and shrimping.

Somebody seemed to be thanking somebody. Something was said about a train and the time left in which to catch it. The footsteps passed to the pavement.

Into sight came a youngish man and a youngish woman. Then a romping boy of six or so. And, lastly, an elderly woman.

Again somebody seemed to be thanking somebody.

"You'll come again next Sunday, mummy?" said the small boy.

"*Every* Sunday, Johnnie," said the youngish woman. Then she bent down and kissed him.

The youngish man looked at his watch and, said "Well. . . ." The elderly woman smiled. The youngish man and the youngish woman walked away along the avenue. The elderly woman went indoors. The small boy stood at the gate, waving.

I COULD make neither head nor tail of it. I stopped even pretending to be interested in cabbages. I stood there being inquisitive and making no bones about it.

The youngish couple reached the far end of the avenue, stopped, turned and waved. The small boy waved back frantically. The youngish couple passed out of sight.

"And now what?" I thought.

Across the street a meek-looking man appeared in sight and began to trim his hedge. Obviously his mind wasn't on his job. He was watching the small boy. And me.

Footsteps slurred behind me. I looked round.

The motionless man on the cliff was coming along.

"Oo-oo!" cried the small boy.

The motionless man waved. The small boy ran, and they met.

"Have they gone?" asked the motionless man.

"Just gone," said the small boy.

"Then come on," said the motionless man "We've got an hour before tea."

And away they went, hand in hand, down the avenue, over the promenade, and up and over the slope of the cliff.

I turned. The meek man over the way had come out to the footpath and was grinning.

Well, he seemed to want to talk, so I joined him.

"Got over the sulks now," he said.

"Sulks?" said I. "Who? The boy?"

"No, the old man."

"Sulks?"

"It was the same last Sunday, when the kid's parents came down to see him for the first time. It'll be the same next Sunday. Every Sunday. Goes out and sits on the cliff in a pet till the parents have gone back."

"Evacuee?" said I.

"Yes," said the meek man.

"You see," he explained, "the old man and the old woman never had a kid of their own. You might say that Johnnie's their first."

"I see."

"And since he came he's about all the old man lives for. The tricks they get up to together! It's different when you've never had any kids of your own, I suppose. You never have the *excuses* that parents have. About all you can do is keep dogs and grow potatoes."

He stared across at the second villa.

"What will happen when the war's over and the kid's parents take him back for good *I don't know*."

"You mean the old man's—well—jealous?" I asked.

"Thinks the whole world of that kid," said the meek man. "And when its *real* parents turn up—well, he simply sheers off until they go. Can't stand it. Sunday's his black day."

"Till the kid came," he said, "all the old man did with his time was grow things on the old allotment there. Nothing but. But now his hoe's covered with rust!"

"YOU said *excuses*," said I "Excuses for what?"

Come across. I'll show you."

We went over to the top of the cliff and looked down.

There they were, far out across the wet sands at the edge of the water, one with a little net, the other with a little pail, their trousers turned up, splashing, laughing, shouting. Shrimping. . . .

The small boy of six.

And the small boy of sixty. . . .

Laugh This Off!

Grandpa's giddy ride inspired a reader to make a £200 joke.

MORE power to the funny-bone of anybody who can raise a laugh in war time.

So here's to reader A. G. Hartley, sorting clerk and telegraphist at Birmingham Head Post Office, winner of the First Prize in *Bullets* No. 1,189.

The *Example* he tackled was, GRANDPA'S ON A.R.P., So—and the words he added were, HIS TRICYCLE'S LABELLED "PRIORITY"! Thanks, Mr. Hartley, for the best comic war-time *Bullet* yet. You've earned them, as well as your £200 cash!

* * *

"I could hardly believe the good news when the 'Joy Wire' arrived from JOHN BULL," says Mr. Hartley. "Now I'm getting back to earth again and developing the comfortable feeling that comes from possessing £200."

Mr. Hartley explained that the *Bullet* was one entered in his wife's name, and the address, 107, Millfield Road, Birmingham, was that of a new house

"The prize will be used to provide extras for the house and garden," he went on, "and what is left over will be banked for a rainy day."

Turn now to page 25 to the *Examples* for *Bullets* Cash and Christmas Prizes waiting to be won. You may blossom forth as a *Bullets* comedian yourself. A well-expressed thought in serious vein may bring the £200 Joy Wire. You will thoroughly enjoy making your *Bullets*, particularly now that war time conditions are providing new ideas and ample time to turn them into cash.

Three Minute Army Mystery—2

Trigger Finger Trouble

WITH his arms stretched above his head, the paymaster was sprawled on the cheap little rug covering the centre of his office floor. His right ankle was crossed over his left. He was obviously dead.

A Forty-Four Service automatic lay three feet from his right hand. Blood still trickled from the terrible wound in his temple.

"Must have died instantly," commented Captain Connolly, of the Intelligence, as he gingerly lifted the pistol by the muzzle and wrapped a handkerchief around the butt to avoid muzzing up the fingerprints.

* * *

"This is why he did it," said Lieutenant Stewart, Connolly's assistant, holding out a note he had found in writing on the paymaster's desk.

The captain glanced at the note.

"Good-bye, everyone," it said. "I am short in the accounts and I can't face the music."

Connolly turned his attention to the gun again. He slipped off the safety catch, took out the bullets and counted them.

"H'm. Seven," he said. "Fully loaded, this would hold eight. The ejected cartridge must be about. See whether you can find it, Stewart!"

He turned to Herbert Jenkins, the civilian clerk who found the body.

"The body's still in the same position as you found it?" he asked. "You haven't touched anything?"

* * *

"No, not a thing!" Jenkins replied. "I was in the outer room. When I heard the explosion I rushed in here to find him like this. Nobody's touched anything. I telephoned to you from this room, then I stayed here to keep everyone out."

"A wise precaution," Connolly commented. "There are no windows in this room and the only entrance is through the door of the room where you were working."

"That's correct," said the mystified clerk.

"And you were the only one in that room during the whole of the evening?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I think you'd better tell us just why you murdered the paymaster!"

Connolly accused the clerk of murdering the paymaster, because . . . if you don't know, turn to page 32.

Enjoy delicious WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum—the great wartime sweetmeat

At sea, in the air, at the front, or on home service, Wrigley's delicious Chewing Gum is the favourite sweetmeat—it is indispensable.

It is first-aid for the nerves in wartime for young and old alike.

And it is both economical and long-lasting, thus helping conserve foodstuffs.

Satisfy the yearning for sweets with wholesome and beneficial Wrigley's Gum.

Wherever smoking is forbidden, either at the front, in the factory or in the air-raid shelter, always keep a good supply of Wrigley's handy and stop that craving for a smoke.

During the blackout or in any other time of stress, Wrigley's Gum calms the nerves and helps keep you alert and fresh. In a pinch, it gives you that extra energy you require to overcome fatigue, and tides you over the emergency when meals are irregular.

Wrigley's Gum helps clean teeth, sweetens the breath and aids digestion.

Doctors and hospitals recommend its regular use. Children just love it.

Keep our defenders well supplied—there is no more beneficial or appreciated gift you can send them than a box of Wrigley's Chewing Gum. It steadies their nerves and provides solace during long watches or tedious work. Two delicious flavours to choose from—P.K. (pure peppermint) and Spear-m:nt (fresh garden-mint). Buy several packages now and always have a supply handy.

Only 1d. a package. Price unchanged.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

keeps them smart, comfortable and waterproof.

A rich brown shine to brown leather is easily obtained by using

TONETTE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Tins 1½d., 2½d., 4½d., & 6d.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W. 4.

Off duty

Make it a Manikin

WHEN you feel entitled to a half-hour of real peace, a Manikin will bring it to you—and most of us are doing a job that justifies this little indulgence. The Havana flavour and fragrance of a Manikin Cigar will help you to forget your anxieties—bring tranquillity of mind and clear thinking. So off duty—make it a rule to make it a Manikin.

A TIP-TOP REASON WHY MANIKINS ARE BEST

Manikins are rolled from the delicate tip leaves of tobacco—too small for bigger cigars yet actually the sweetest of all. That's why Manikins are always so mild and soothing.

5 for 1'-

Metal Pocket Case 15 for 3/-

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. • ESTABLISHED 1839

royds 33

READER GEORGE FINDLAY,

of Pulford Road, Bebington, Cheshire, is the first contributor to a series of True War Time Stories.

BLACK-OUT

Your War Time Story

is worth five guineas. In the last few weeks the drama, pathos, humanity, bravery — and humour of everyday life have been given new meaning. This is your opportunity to put your own exhilarating adventure into a thousand words and submit it to "JOHN BULL'S" series of readers' TRUE LIFE STORIES of the WAR.

WHEN you have read this story I expect you'll call us a couple of silly young fools, lucky to be alive—and a disgrace to A.R.P.

As spokesman, all I can say is that we have learned a lesson we will never forget. We won't let boredom get us into trouble again.

You see, Joe and I were chosen as night wardens for our firm's dock warehouse, a great rambling place with one wall dropping sheer into the river.

The main doors opened on to a narrow alley lined with other warehouses. On the left was waste land used as a scrap-iron dump, and on the right a tenement building from which all the families had been evacuated.

It was on a Wednesday, round about midnight, that Joe and I got to the end of our tether.

"Look here," said Joe, "if I sit looking at your ugly mug any longer I shall go clean daffy. What on earth can we do?"

He got up walked to the window, and peeped through a chink in the black-out blind. Then he turned.

"I've got an idea," he said: "It's as dark as pitch outside, but it's a fine night. Let's go up on the roof and get a breath of air."

When we stepped on the roof the door slammed behind us—it's on a spring and the lock is one of those patent affairs you can only open from the inside.

But Joe said: "That's all right, I've still got the key in my pocket," and I didn't think anything more about it.

We went to the parapet overlooking the river, and leaned there for about twenty minutes, staring into the darkness and listening to the water lapping against the warehouse wall.

Joe began to fidget.

"Come on," he said, "let's move over towards the tenement. We might see a light or two from the quay."

He spoke rather loudly, I thought, as if trying to fight off the silence that was all around us like a big, thick blanket.

We groped our way to the tenement side, and found ourselves just by the water tower that gives the power for the hydraulic hoists. It is built out from the warehouse wall, and a narrow ledge runs to it.

"DAMN!" said Joe. "Can't see a thing. The water tower's in the way. Let go of my coat a minute. . . ."

I heard his boots scrape against stonework, and then he said: "That's better!"

"Here, you idiot!" I said, "what are you trying to do. . . ."

I felt round for him, and couldn't find him.

"Don't lose your head," came his voice out of the darkness. "I'm all right. I'm going to the tower. I'm out on the ledge now."

Out on the ledge! I tell you the hair rose on the nape of my neck.

Joe out on the ledge, that was barely a foot wide, in darkness so complete you could not see your hand, and with the river two hundred feet below.

"Come back, you ass!"

"Can't," said Joe. "I'll have to climb on the water tower before I can turn round. There, I've reached it. . . ."

Then, suddenly, I heard the crack of splintering wood, and from far below a faint splashing in the river.

"Joe! Joe! What's happened?"

His voice was very quiet when he answered. "George," he said, "I'm stuck. The wood here is rotten. That was a piece of it that just broke off. What's worse, I can't find a grip anywhere else."

The next few minutes were a nightmare. I tried to make my way along the ledge, but it was hopeless. I've no head for height at the best of times, and I was quaking with fear from the start.

Only Joe's voice gave me the courage to go back. Having reached safety, I stumbled over to the roof door with the idea of finding a ladder or rope.

But, of course, the door was locked from the inside, and Joe had the key.

I went back to the water tower.

"It's no use, Joe," I said, "whether we get sacked or not, I'm going to shout for help."

"O.K.," said Joe, "but for heaven's sake be quick."

Well, I went to the side overlooking the alley and shouted and shouted. But there wasn't a movement below.

Next I tried the river side, in the hope that some boat might hear me. Still no answer.

I returned to the water tower, just where it overlooked the tenement, and shouted until I thought my throat would burst.

A WINDOW banged up! Then came a man's voice: "What's wrong up there?"

"Get help!' I screamed, "there's a man stuck on a ledge. Get the fire brigade, get anybody!"

"Keep calm, I'll be with you in a minute," came the man's voice again.

"No, no, get help!"

"Keep calm, keep calm, I'm coming."

How I cursed that man for a fool, but now there was nothing to do but wait.

Joe didn't answer when I called to him, just groaned. He couldn't last much longer. I thought I would go mad.

Then something grated and creaked just below me. I had forgotten the scaffolding put up for the new hoist. The man from the tenement was using it as a ladder.

A moment later he was beside me, climbing over the parapet. "Where are you? Ah, I've got you. Here, take my stick a minute, I'll need it when I'm on the level again."

He was lame! As the thought flashed through my mind I felt sick with despair. What could a lame man do out on that ledge? Why hadn't he the sense to go for help?

But before I could get the words out of my mouth the man had taken me by the shoulder, and was tapping along the roof with his stick. "Come on, show me where he is."

I felt along the parapet, found the ledge running to the water tower and stopped. "Somewhere out there," I said.

"Hold my stick again." I took it dumbly.

Again I heard the scrape of boots on stonework. Then the man's voice urging Joe to hold on for just another minute. Then Joe replying. Then more scraping of boots.

Then two thuds at my side.

"O.K.," said Joe.

"O.K.," said the man.

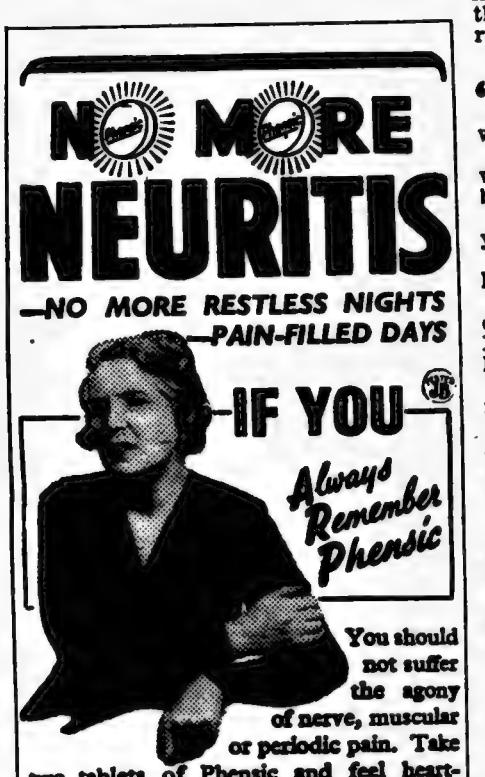
It wasn't until we were back in our little room on the second floor that we got a good look at the man who had saved Joe's life. He was middle-aged, grey-haired, and I knew him by sight as the caretaker of the tenement.

But he wasn't lame!

"How on earth did you manage it—climbing up that scaffolding, and then along the ledge, when you couldn't see your hand before your face?"

He smiled. "Well," he said, "it wasn't so hard really. Before I had my accident I used to be a steeplejack—one of the best.

"As for the darkness, I'm used to that, too. I live in a black-out. I've been blind for ten years."



You should not suffer the agony of nerve, muscular or periodic pain. Take two tablets of Phensic and feel heart-breaking weariness melt away. Feel the pain lift from your limbs. Every day it is proved that there's nothing to equal Phensic both in its pain-killing power and its wonderful tonic effect on the nerves. Phensic is absolutely safe, even for weak heart patients. Get some now — 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

Quickest and Safest for
HEADACHES
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Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

Race with "Silver Ring"

Better Racing Soon

IT would seem the ramifications of the Ministry of Information are far and wide!

For weeks the thousands financially interested and the legion of sports followers, awaited news about the resumption of racing, but were kept waiting until the notice could be printed in the official publication. This, in spite of the fact that a decision as to a resumption had been arrived at two or three days before.

I have marvelled at the autocracy of the Jockey Club, but certainly fail to understand why such a choice item of "good news" should be kept on the shelf when so many are waiting for it to get some idea as to their economic future.

Still, I suppose we can all forget such backwardness and get down to "business," now the fixture list is looking more or less reasonable.

Here's hoping you had a nice balance after Newmarket and Newbury. I have a couple up my sleeve for the Cesarewitch meeting.

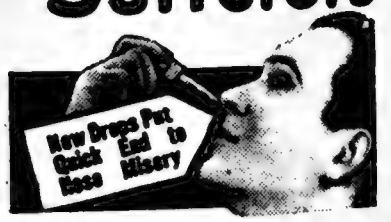
"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 26, to Wednesday, November 1.

R B T F 94 M P Q C 93 98 A K X U Z
H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E V D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTLK would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.

CATARRH Sufferers



Almost instantly, your breathing becomes easy again, your raw, irritated nose cooled and soothed, your dull, aching head clear as a bell. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. You can *feel* the tingling medication spreading swiftly through the nasal passages, clearing away mucus, relieving irritation, reducing swollen tissues, helping to drain the sinuses. And tests by doctors show that, used in time, it *prevents* many colds.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick" (Dept. M.), 215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

VICK-VATRONOL
BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

FOR RASPING VOICE
GO SUCK A **ZUBE**
3d and 6d in flat tins

HINTS, TIPS *and* Useful Things to KNOW

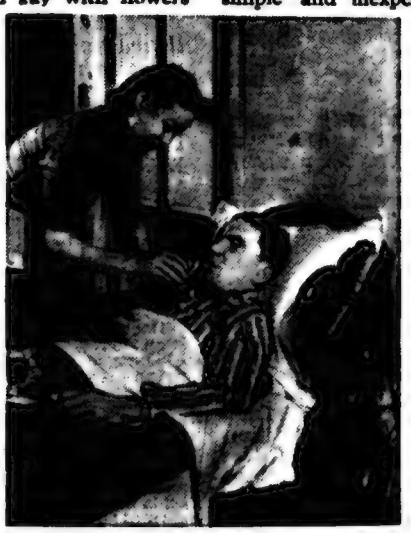
by Molly Montague

I AM very pleased to be with the readers of "John Bull" once more, with my page of hints, tips and useful things to know—and, of course, another splendid free offer for all my readers and friends.

One friend whom I visited the other day had, to be on the safe side, draped her lights with dark material so thoroughly that we could hardly see to eat. There's no need to go to extremes and live in a kind of perpetual twilight. It is often only necessary to cut down the wattage of the bulb and to darken the interior of the shade on the window side. Grate polish has been used with good effect on porcelain shades (and it will wash off!); a block of blue crushed up and mixed to a paste with water is another excellent dimming agent. A strip of dark silk or velvet can be tacked or sewn to parchment shades. If the upper part of the bulb is darkened this will prevent too much reflection from the ceiling. I find that the sitting-room looks cosier if easy chairs are grouped near a standard or reading lamp. More light can be concentrated in one place, thus making reading and knitting less of a strain on the eyes than if you use the central ceiling light, which doesn't give sufficient illumination to any part of the room.

"Smiling Homes"

Bright colours about the house are as important as food and sleep these days. To come into a room say with flowers and pretty cushions is a real tonic to anyone who has been out on the job all day. Why not pot a few bulbs to cheer up dark winter's days? Half a dozen scarlet tulips in a cream, blue or green bowl would look lovely against black curtains. Crocuses, deep purple ones, look decorative in a shallow black bowl, and if you put them in now they'll be out in all their glory soon after Christmas. Until then, you can brighten your rooms with artificial flowers or those pretty orange Japanese lanterns. One thing we homemakers must remember is that homes must smile as well as humans.



My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago—some of the most prevalent of modern ills. Above you see an A.R.P. worker "off duty" through Rheumatism.

Plan happy days indoors. Keep your kiddies in good spirits. Rolling paper spills for fire-lighters will keep youngsters occupied a while. This will save matches. Give them each a jar and sheets of newspaper. Award them prizes, too, for the largest number of best rolled spills in a given time.

A *Handy Snack*

A member of our household is a full-time Auxiliary Fire Service driver. She works from 9 o'clock in the morning and arrives home any time between 9.30 and 11 o'clock at night. She needs something when she comes home. She is too tired to digest a heavy meal. So I have devised several little quick-to-prepare, easy-to-eat dishes.

Poached eggs make a quick, nourishing and easily digested meal, but they're inclined to be dull. Here is a way to liven them up. Instead of making toast, fry some bread very crisply in a little fat. Remove it from the pan and keep hot. Drain away any surplus fat and pour into the pan the contents of a small can of tomato soup. If the soup is thick, dilute it. Bring it to the boil and poach the eggs in it. Serve them on the fried bread, with the soup as a sauce.

Spare half an hour to give a pick-me-up to your winter clothes. Dip a cloth in ammonia and water and sponge dark woollen coats, skirts and frocks. Press carefully on the wrong side with a slightly damp iron. If parts of the clothes are shiny, here is a good old-fashioned tip. Wash some ivy leaves in cold water and boil slowly till the leaves are tender. Then use the liquid for sponging shiny places.

I Meet an Old Friend

Some time ago I called upon a friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for years. "My dear," I gasped when I saw her, "what has happened to you?" When she walked—or tried to walk—I nearly cried to watch her. She could hardly move. I know that she had a tendency to rheumatic complaints even as a child; I remember that she had paid visits to various Spas to take the waters. It appears that, in spite of this, her rheumatism had been getting worse and worse. Her legs, hands, and finally her back was affected until life was a misery for her. Her husband was not wealthy but he willingly paid out for various expensive treatments; specialists were called in—all in the endeavour to alleviate her pain. But to no purpose, for the Rheumatism had such a firm hold upon her, it seemed impossible that it could ever be dispersed.

I Manage to Help

"Look here," I said, "not long ago I knew another case very similar to yours which was successfully treated by a simple and inexpensive method which has many remarkable successes to its credit. Why not try it yourself? You need not even spend anything at all to test it. The makers will send you, FREE, some of the little capsules which you have to take, together with a book describing the treatment."

All the best true stories have a happy ending, and I am glad to say this one has. My friend sent for the sample and commenced the treatment with the result that the hitherto incurable complaint soon disappeared. I shall always recommend it to anyone I meet who suffers from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Swollen Joints or a similar rheumatic ill. It is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and for more than 20 years has been gaining the praises of eminent medical men, including a Harley Street specialist.

Good News for Many Readers

If you suffer from Rheumatism or Arthritis, I advise you to try "Curicones" at once. Make use of my shopping coupon below. Fill it in with your name and address, and send it to me as directed. I will then arrange that there will be sent, free of all charge, a trial supply of "Curicones." This generous gift will be accompanied by a splendid booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic and Arthritic troubles.

If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the postage. Do let me hear from you if you are one of the countless victims of rheumatic complaints. I *know* that "Curicones" will do you good. Good-bye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.1,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send me free of charge the "Curicones" sample and Booklet you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Live up to that smart uniform!

Already you've probably sacrificed your elaborate up-swept hair style to accommodate your uniform cap—but there's no need to sacrifice the health and the beauty of your hair as well.

Eve Shampoo solves all the hair-dressing problems of women in camp. There's little time? Eve brings out all the dirt and grease in a moment. Rinsing is difficult? Eve is soapless—leaves no lime-scum to cling to your hair and make a lot of rinsing necessary. Eve is really the quickest shampoo out, and it leaves your hair so satiny-smooth, so fresh and clean, so full of high lights—and so easy to set.

Keep your hair smart and lovely with . . .

Eve shampoo costs only 2d

EVC 40-172-55

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

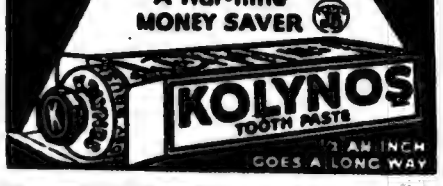
without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

SPOTLIGHT ON ECONOMY

A War-Time MONEY SAVER



½ AN INCH GOES A LONG WAY

MAKE HIS WRITING HOME EASY WITH A "JOHN BULL" PEN

● There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen—a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure.

CASH THE COUPONS NOW.

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

Voice of the People

● Feared for British Chivalry
● War Among the Billposters
● Numbers Better than Names

I WAS one of ten men landed at —— the other night from a torpedoed ship. We had all received injuries, and were scantily dressed. So we sought the —— Sailors' Home for warmth and rest, but we had been there only a few minutes when an official bustled in and told us "Get out!"

We explained our plight.

Yet we had to get out into the early morning streets. The home, we were told, was only for the recreation of naval ratings.

We dragged our way about the streets until 7 a.m., when a butcher opening his shop took us in, prepared tea and fried sausages, bought a packet of cigarettes for each of us, and distributed all his spare clothing among us.

Thank God for that man. In a few hours we had almost lost our faith in British chivalry.—C. H., Cardiff.

Because we cannot reveal where a ship is torpedoed, we cannot tell you the town where that happened, and cannot, therefore, give that home the drubbing it appears to deserve. But we refuse to remain inactive in the matter. The facts, as we have them, are going to the appropriate authority for whatever action is deemed necessary.

"You can help your country by painting your kerb," said this worthy citizen when Reader Knowles, of Bristol, approached with his camera. Take care not to efface other signs painted on or near the pavement. They may indicate the whereabouts of hydrants or other implements essential to A.R.P.

Preludes to Fact

We're told: "Don't spread rumours. It's unpatriotic."

Yet four news items in a recent B.B.C. broadcast began, "We have reason to believe . . ." "It is understood . . ." "There seems to be . . ." and "It is suggested . . ."—R. Brier, Muvillor Road, Lee, S.E.13.

Such prefaces don't mean that the news is mere rumour. Usually, they indicate that the information doesn't come from an official source. We have inherited them from wordier days when a newspaper would solemnly begin: "We have reason to understand, from information that has reached us from a source which we have always regarded as unimpeachable . . ."

Haul Was Too Big

Let the Government face up to the fact that it has requisitioned trawlers with too heavy a hand.

That's why fish is so dear.

By all means let the Navy have the trawlers it wants to safeguard our food supplies—but leave a few to *get* the food. —Wholesaler, Grimsby.

The reader is right. It is officially admitted that too many trawlers were taken. Many are going to be released for fishing duties.

Who Was Poaching?

While travelling round the country I saw billposters putting up urgent Government announcements.

A few hours behind them there followed circus people who pasted over each poster the important announcement that the Great Circus Was Coming. —Ernest E. Downes, Rushbury, Church Stretton, Salop.

And so the money goes!

Private's War

I am assured this is true!

The Commanding Officer of a certain unit, having reason to believe that a private wasn't contributing to the maintenance of his wife, approached the man tactfully.

"I don't want to interfere in your affairs," he said, "but couldn't you manage something—if only 7s. a week?"

"Well, sir, I allow her £3,000 a year already," came the answer, "but if you think an extra shilling a day would help——."—M. D., Oban Road, West Hartlepool.

Their Numbers Up!

Two houses in this street and one just round the corner all bear the same name.

Let people call their houses "Dunroamin," "Kosykorner," or what they like, but surely in these black-out days when the postman has to search in pitch darkness we should consider numbers compulsory.—D. R., Brunswick Road, Ipswich.

Post Office inform us that there are many streets of more than 2,000 houses in provincial towns, each shared among several postmen. Task of finding the right "Chez Nous" is then tremendous.

No Peals for Them

A dog's bark can sometimes be heard a mile away.

That means an airman might hear it a mile high if his engine was shut off.

Moral: Damp down the sounds of church, town hall and other bells, which are far louder than any barking.—J. G. P., Griffen Hotel, Leeds, 1.

Engine noise is only part of the din air pilots have to endure. Doubtful whether man flying fast modern machine would hear bells, even with engine cut out.

All Sorts Make a War

War has made me change my scale of human values.

Although this is a safe area, three of my hitherto "best payers" have fled west, leaving me no trace of their whereabouts—and a week's bills unpaid.

And my "worst payer," who used to keep me waiting six or eight months, has cleared up arrears, is paying on the nail, and has told me, "If a loan would help you, don't be afraid to ask me."—Retailer, Horsham.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Their Peace Cry

First news that British and French soldiers had in the last war that Germans sought peace was a pamphlet showered on our lines.

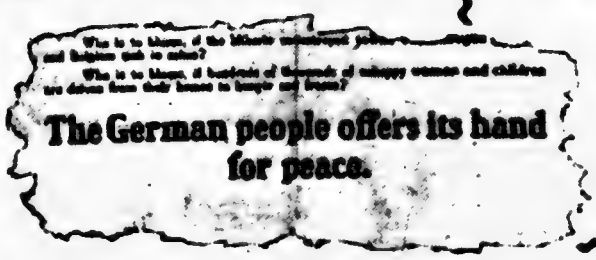
Below is a photograph of part of a leaflet dropped near Reader M. Cairns (ex-Coldstreams), of Bensham, Gateshead.

Full text pleads for immediate armistice and "peace based on reconciliation of the nations," offers a retreat into Germany and a rebuilding of Belgium, accepts all President Wilson's peace terms.

Meanwhile, "no passenger steamers not carrying troops or war materials will be attacked in future."

That's what the deluded German people offered when their Kaiser had fled and left them to their fate.

When their new Kaiser, late Schickelgruber, has let them down—what then?



RELIEF if you suffer SKIN TORTURE

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festerings and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today!

132

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

RHEUMATISM brought on by anxiety

Doctors report that one effect of anxiety is an increase in the number and severity of Rheumatic complaints. The reason is not far to seek.

Anxiety tends to lower bodily resistance and impair the action of liver and kidneys, so that acids and toxins accumulate in the system and set up devastating pain and stiffness.

The quickest way to treat this, or, indeed, most forms of Rheumatism, is to dissolve the acids and rinse away the toxins by means of natural mineral elements made famous by the great Spas. These are available either at the Spas themselves or in the handy and inexpensive form of Fynnon Salt.

One teaspoonful of Fynnon taken in a tumblerful of water every morning provides Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—chief elements of the Spa Waters—which have an immediate beneficial effect on the whole system. Acids and toxins are soon rinsed away. Pain lessens and disappears. Stiffness gives place to suppleness. Continue your "daily Fynnon" and you gain new vigour and fitness as your system is kept fresh and healthy week after week. Indeed, people find Fynnon Salt not merely a godsend for Rheumatic troubles, but a natural way to active daily health.

Large tins cost 1/3 each at all Chemists.

To Stop STOMACH PAINS in 5 minutes take, after meals, a little

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

Get a 6D. Trial Tin (24 Tablets)

Quick—one dose stops pain. Sure—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere. Economical—Large size, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d tins.

Make New Friends
WHILE YOU'RE MAKING MONEY!

10,000 WOMEN WANTED, AGED 21 to 60, to form G.U.S. Shilling Clubs! If you long for some new interest in life... if you want to earn a useful, spare-time income... if you are looking for a way to make new friends, start your G.U.S. Shilling Club NOW. It's easy to run—costs you nothing—only takes a few minutes of your time each week. If you form one within the next 30 days, we will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE any 10/- article you want from our Mammoth 472-page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains. (Some typical G.U.S. Values: 60-Piece Breakfast, Tea and Dinner Set, 20/-; 14 square yards Glassolaum Floor covering, 10/-; Men's Working Boots 10/- pair).

SHE SPENT A HA'PENNY ...AND GAINED £3

Mrs. Bradley, of Hull, writes: *The wisest thing I ever did was to post that coupon for particulars of your Shilling Clubs. What with commission and bonuses and the 10/- Free Gift, I reckon that the ha'-penny I spent on the stamp has already gained me more than £3.*
What she did, YOU CAN DO TOO! Simply fill in the Coupon below and send in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) for full details. POST IT TO-DAY!

JUST OUT! 472 PAGE BARGAIN CATALOGUE
GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES L

To GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD., Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Please send me FREE and without obligation Catalogue and Agent's Outfit, and also Free Book telling me how I can make from £3 to £5 and more.

Name .....
Address .....
JB .....

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

The usual cause is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous waste-matter, natural rest is impossible. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' gently moves the bowels, clears away all clogging hard waste and leaves the little inside sweet and clean. Once rid of this disagreeable sour matter a child sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Get a bottle of this safe laxative to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

Enjoy your relaxation with MANIKIN CIGARS
—See page 25

JUST OUT!

"ILLUSTRATED"—just out—is yet another splendid issue of Britain's Pictorial weekly. Bigger and Better—a triumph of wartime publishing. In this week's issue—brimful of dramatic pictures, you will see:

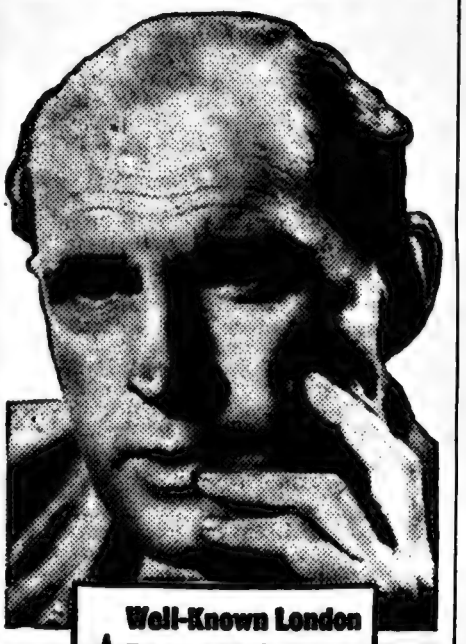
INSIDE NAZI GERMANY!—wonderful photographs revealing for the first time what the Allies have to smash! **EXTERMINATING THE U-BOATS!**—picturing a submarine hunt and exploding depth charges! **SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY!**—camera scoops of the French in occupation—deadly land mines! **ENTERTAINING TOMMY!**—Behind the scenes at Army concerts. **NEXT**—a cock-fight—private—brutal. In addition to this there are thrilling, complete stories and joke drawings by the greatest artists of the day.

There's nothing so "newsy"—so up-to-date—so complete or such value for threepence as "Illustrated." There's no time to lose—it is already selling like "hot cakes." Get your copy AT ONCE!

★ YOUR NEWSAGENT wants you to place a regular order. Don't leave it to chance—or you will risk disappointment. He will gladly reserve a copy for you every Wednesday if you ask him to-day and place a standing order.

ILLUSTRATED 3d
BRITAIN'S PICTORIAL WEEKLY

Strengthen those KEYED-UP NERVES
AND KEEP FIT AND WELL



Well-Known London ★Doctor Advises Strong Tonic and Sleep

A well-known London Doctor told the Sunday Chronicle that there was only one cure for black-out nerves—a strong tonic and plenty of sleep. He was advising this to all his patients.

You can't face abnormal difficulties with a weakening, keyed-up nervous system. Get a supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets from your chemist and take two tablets three times a day. This will work wonders. Dr. Cassells Tablets contain nerve nutriments capable of re-energising tissues and of restoring impaired vitality. Take your first dose to-day!

FEED YOUR NERVES with
DR CASSELLS Brand TABLETS

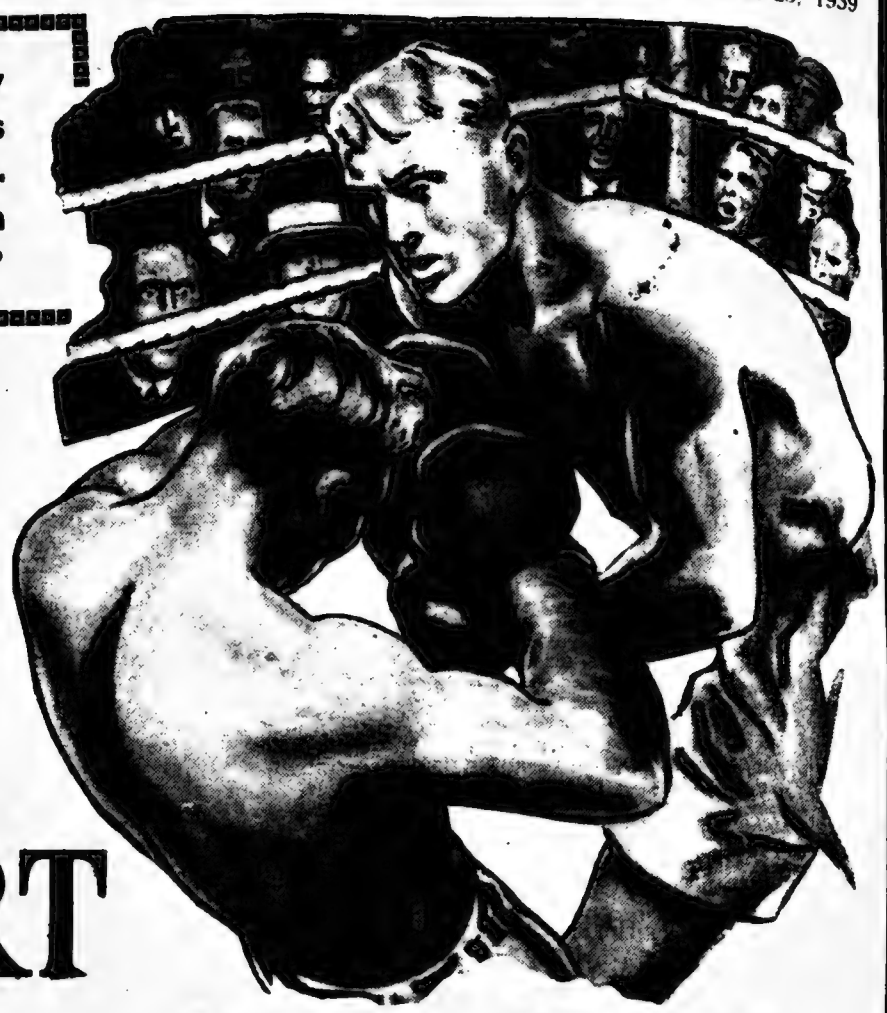
The Great NERVE TONIC and Body Builder

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/- everywhere. Trial Size 8d

FREE CATALOGUE
—*and* how to run a Club

Run a Littlewood Club and increase your income. No stocks, no deposit, no canvassing, no training! A Free Gift from the moment you start. Fill in the coupon on page 23 for free illustrated catalogue and complete club outfit.

Continuing "Giants of the Ring," his brilliant new boxing series, A. W. HELLIWELL describes the dramatic battles in which Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons, the battling blacksmith, taught American fight "fans" not to jeer at "Old Spider Legs."



RUBY ROBERT *Conquers the Crowd!*

THE freshening breeze, heavy with the salty tang of the sea, swept the ship's decks, and presently, as the vessel stood away from the shore, she lifted gently to the long, slow Pacific swell, and her planks began to tremble eagerly like a horse feeling springy turf beneath its hoofs.

In the stern stood a young man gazing disconsolately at the fast-fading Australian coastline. He waited until it was no more than a smudge on the blue horizon, and then, with hands thrust deep in his pockets and shoulders hunched dejectedly, he turned and went below.

Bob Fitzsimmons was on his way to the United States, disgusted and disheartened by his unexpected defeat at the hands of swaggering Jim Hall, dandified playboy of the ring. He had no plans. He knew no one there. The most he hoped for was a fight or two in California.

Before he had been matched with Jim Hall the world had seemed his oyster, yawning wide open to offer all the pearls he desired. And then his rival's fist, crashing home upon his chin in the fourth round of the fight, to turn what seemed certain defeat into dramatic victory, had scattered all Bob's hopes and ambitions.

He had gone from New Zealand to Australia brimming with confidence, positive that there was no one in the world he could not lick, but he left less sure of himself. The twin stars of fame and fortune that once had seemed so near now twinkled far beyond his ken.

California's Golden Gate, to which he set sail, offered him no golden promise. A few fights, a few pounds. He expected nothing more.

For how was he to guess that this world across the broad Pacific was to prove his Eldorado, or that before many months had passed the name of Ruby Robert, the Freckled Fury, would flame from coast to coast of the great American continent?

In later years, Fitzsimmons must have looked back to the day when Hall slammed him into unconsciousness as one of the luckiest of his life. With a victory over the Sydney boxer to his credit he would probably have remained in Australia instead of journeying to the States, where he was to achieve the amazing feat of winning three world titles.

FOR years this performance stood unchallenged, and so far the only fighter to equal it has been Henry Armstrong, coloured world-beater, who held until recently the feather, light and welter championships at the same time.

Fitzsimmons won the middleweight title from Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. Still holding this, he belted Corbett off the heavyweight throne six years later, and then, a veteran of forty-one, but still full of fight, he licked George Gardner to become light-heavyweight champion of the world.

Yet it was with a chorus of cat-calls, jeers and wisecracks that he was greeted when he climbed through the ropes at the San Francisco sports stadium for his American debut.

These ringside scoffers were proud to boast years later that they had seen the first American fight of the "fistic wonder of the age."

They didn't explain that after gaping in silence at his freakish proportions, they filled the air with cruel and caustic comment.

Bob's baldish head, his freckles, his ungainly, top-heavy body and his vacant, foolish-looking grin, all provided fuel for sporting wits, but his thin and knock-kneed legs seemed to attract most attention.

"Old Spider Legs," and "Pigeon Pegs," they yelled, while poor Fitz stood irresolute, nervously rubbing his chin with the back of his right glove as he wondered what to make of it all.

He had been matched with young Billy McCarthy, a useful Pacific Coast middleweight and a great favourite with the San Francisco "fans," now settling back in their seats, prepared to see him make short work of his odd-looking opponent.

Inwardly seething with rage, spider-legged Ruby Robert stalked grimly to his corner, tight-lipped and narrow-eyed. He was furious, but he mastered his rage. The fight with Hall had taught him the folly of losing his temper in the ring.

He sat looking at his gloved hands, apparently deaf to all the jibes and insults hurled at him, while across the ring McCarthy, seeing an easy victory ahead, grinned expansively.

He had the crowd with him to the last man, and he slipped from his corner with the intention of giving them a treat before he finally disposed of this harmless-looking limey.

His gloves moved swiftly.

First a rapier left and then a right bounced on Bob's chin, and the ringsiders loved it. It was clever. It was flashy. And from outside the ropes it looked pretty good.

"And again, Billy boy," they yelled, and winking as if to say "This is easy money!"

McCarthy obliged. In and out he slipped.

Thud! thud! went his gloves before Fitz had a chance to counter.

SO far he had not landed a single blow, contenting himself with circling slowly, brushing his nose from time to time with the thumb of the right glove, as he eyed the American grimly.

Towards the end of the round, with only a few seconds to go, McCarthy cut loose with a whirlwind two-fisted attack, and for the first time Fitzsimmons altered his tactics.

Instead of covering up, he suddenly straightened his slightly bent legs and simultaneously jolted a short, explosive right-hand punch under the American's heart.

As it connected McCarthy's lips gaped in momentary agony.

Bob was smiling faintly as he walked back to his corner.

Whenever McCarthy set a pace that was too hot, the "Freckled Fury" buried his murderous right in his ribs, sending him back on his heels. McCarthy was troubled.

McCarthy sat with puckered, anxious brow. That blow under the heart had hurt him badly. His ribs felt as though they had been struck with a hammer, and he was experienced enough to know that it had been no wild swing, but a clever, scientific punch.

He winced at the memory of it and wondered uneasily whether he had made the mistake of under-estimating his opponent.

Most of the spectators had missed the significance of that damaging, short-arm blow, and they were still insulting Ruby Robert. Their mocking laughter greeted Fitz every time he left his corner, while each punch that Billy landed was wildly cheered.

"Kill him, Billy!" they roared, and McCarthy, who was not lacking in pluck, did his best. Whenever he set a pace that was too hot the murderous right buried itself in his ribs to send him back on his heels.

BY the sixth round he was a very worried fighter. He knew that his bolt was shot. He had pulled every punch he knew out of the bag, and none of them had stopped the lanky Englishman.

Staging a desperate effort, he went after Fitz with both fists swinging savagely, but once again one of those terrible punches under the heart stopped him in his tracks.

This time the blacksmith, instead of stepping back, followed up his advantage, driving the American back to the ropes with short, chopping blows that left him gasping.

Blood spurted from his lips, his knees sagged uselessly beneath his weight and he swayed like a drunken man as he moved, but he was game enough, and his fists still swung mechanically as Fitz waded in.

The spectators, silent now, were too amazed to do more than gape in open-mouth wonder at this sudden terrible transformation of the man at whom they had jeered.

Still burning at the thought of the insults that had been hurled at him, Fitzsimmons was fighting with relentless fury. Only McCarthy's courage kept him erect until midway through the ninth, when he suddenly crumpled like an empty sack and sagged to the floor.

The fickle ringside watchers immediately transferred their loyalty to the

(Continued on page 32)

Pains in the Back

Rheumatic Pains, Painful Joints, Urinary Disorders, Bladder Weakness, Disturbed Sleep point to Sluggish Kidneys

"Every Picture tells a Story."

WHY STRUGGLE on with that crippling pain, when Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills could put you right? Doans Pills stop the self-poisoning caused by weak kidney action. They stimulate and cleanse these vital organs, helping them to rid the blood of the harmful impurities which make life a misery. Thousands of grateful users recommend Doans Pills for backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, lumbago and sciatica.

"Doans Pills put me right"

Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, says: "Pains in my back were so acute I had to lie up on occasions for weeks. The water was unnatural and caused a scalding pain when seeking relief. I had splitting headaches and dizzy bouts. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills was the medicine I needed. They soon put my kidneys right and rid me of pain. I feel I have only Doans Pills to thank for my freedom from backache, lumbago and urinary disorders.

(*Signed*) C. Bloomfield."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

Tommy, Jack and Bill

Hore-Belisha Should Know!

ANOTHER shock for Mr. Hore-Belisha! Made to realise that many Servicemen's wives cannot obtain their marriage allowances, he has promised to end the delay.

Now let us remind him of another example of his subordinates' bungling that is still filling JOHN BULL's postbag with complaints.

Troops are unable to get draft leave before sailing for France. Often relatives don't realise they have been sent overseas until receiving a letter from "Somewhere in France," or take delivery of the man's home clothes and kit, on which postage of three or four shillings has to be paid by families already impoverished by the loss of a breadwinner.

In the last war, men's clothes were sent home free. This rule should be revived.

Above all, Mr. Hore-Belisha must see that his pledge regarding draft leave is not disregarded by officious Brass-hats.

But there are thousands of other complaints about which he need lose no sleep. They are being smoothed out by JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service.

Grievances and perplexities from families of Soldier Tommy, Seaman Jack and Airman Bill, from men not yet called up, and from old couples indirectly affected by the war, are all given our prompt attention for the cost of a three-halfpenny stamp.

From the flood of letters pouring into the office, here are a few typical questions, and our abbreviated answers:

Mrs. E. G., Whitstable.—"My husband has been called up, but I want to keep our car. Is it true that hire-purchase payments on cars have been suspended during the war, and is there any exemption from the Road Fund tax?"

No exemption from Road Fund licence if the car is in use, and instalments have not been suspended. Offer reduced payments to the dealer.

Mrs. H., Luton.—"Shall I be able to claim on my husband's life assurance policy if he is killed in war?"

Depends on terms of the policy. Ask the company about it and try to keep up the premiums.

H. O., Salford.—"My brother completes his Reserve service next month. Can he claim his discharge or must he remain with the Colours during the war?"

He can be made to serve one year after the period of his actual signed-for service expires.

Mrs. F., Rugeley.—"My husband has enlisted and I want to know whether we can obtain an Army allowance for the little granddaughter who lives with us?"

Allowance cannot usually be obtained for a child if its father is alive. But you may apply, if you have adopted the child.

* * *

These are a few of the varied problems submitted by every post. Perhaps our answers will ease your worries.

If you are in doubt on any Service matter, civil liability, income tax, legal affairs, trouble at business or in the home—

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT FOR FREE AND EXPERT ADVICE!

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

CROCKERY. 120 assrd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlg.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS.—Re erved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), Chislehurst, Kent.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. Men over 21 wanted for reserved occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering Govt Service, etc No experience required. FREE details of rapid preparation and emp'oyment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 362), CHISLEHURST, KENT.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy entrance write B.T.I (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

A·R·P·WARNING TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS!

YOUR BEST & SAFEST AIR RAID PRECAUTION IS ALWAYS TO HAVE A DŌ-DŌ TABLET READY!

An air-raid warning (especially in the night) can be a great shock even to people in vigorous health. For asthmatics it is far worse. Already many asthma sufferers have found that the upset of a warning brings on an attack. This is only to be expected, because Asthma is a *nervous* disorder of the respiratory system.

RELIEF IN 30 SECONDS

If you suffer from Asthma (day or night), your surest protection and safeguard is the marvellous power of a Do-Do Asthma Tablet to calm the nerves and to restore easy, natural breathing in 30 seconds or less. **One Do-Do tablet swallowed immediately the warning is heard will be acting before you reach your dug-out or other safe shelter.**

The amazing power of Do-Do to end a choking spasm in 15-30 seconds is due to the speed with which the tablet breaks up and releases the precious medicaments of which Do-Do is composed—medicaments found in no other single Asthma remedy, at any price.

GAS MASKS & ASTHMA

You must be ready to don your gas mask instantly the gas alarm is sounded, and you must not remove it until the "gas dispersed" bell is rung, even though you may be seized by an asthma attack. Therefore, take a Do-Do Tablet as soon as you hear the first warning. Keep a box of Do-Do tablets and a glass of water always on the table, the mantelpiece or at your bedside. Never go out without a Do-Do tablet and a little bottle of water in your gas-mask case.

Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere, at **1s. (7 full doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size).** Get a packet to-day, or send for FREE TEST SUPPLY, using the Coupon below.

7 FULL DOSES for 1/-

DŌ·DŌ (Brand) ASTHMA TABLETS

INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, LTD., 1-3, SMEDLEY STREET, LONDON, S.W.8.

I have NOT tried Do-Do. Please send me a Free Test Supply. (Don't seal envelope; use ½d. stamp)

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....J.B.165

DRAPERS.—104-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. gntd. W'sale Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds 1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

AT NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1933 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WOOLS.—Knit fm. 1¾d. oz.: Rug 1/- lb. Please enclose 2d. for 16-page Rug Guide and samples. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), N'cle/Tyne.

WALLPAPER direct from Mills, 2½d. per roll. 250 patterns, post free. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SEE THROUGH PENN BINOCULARS. Scan the sea and the sky. Nobody should be without them.—Write to Wm. Penn, Ltd., 623, Holloway Road, London, N.7.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.), South Shields.

POLICE FORCE.—Both married and single men, aged 19-27, urgently wanted. Start £3 weekly. Ordinary education sufficient.—Apply for FREE GUIDE containing full details of simple entrance requirements, CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 138), CHISLEHURST, KENT.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801) 356 Oxford Street LONDON W.1.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Free advice and particulars are offered in the Bennett College announcement on page 12. If you give this your attention now it may make a wonderful difference to your future. Fill in the coupon and post at once.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams, for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

HERE'S extra money for you. Fill in the coupon in LITTLEWOOD'S advt. on page 23 for a free copy of their catalogue and complete Club outfit. Post coupon in unsealed envelope.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS WILL BE WANTED MORE THAN EVER. Get an Agency for the "City" Series of Cards, shown in attractive Album supplied to genuine applicants free. Excellent commission allowed.—Apply now to The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co. (Dept. 5), St. Simon Street, Manchester, 3.

CLUB AGENTS' GREAT OPPORTUNITY! . . . Change now to G.U.S. SHILLING CLUBS . . . new 472-page Catalogue . . . 10/- FREE Gift generous commission and bonuses.—Write to Great Universal Stores, Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN MORE MONEY?—Manufacturers offer FREE the most beautiful selection of Christmas Cards in the country to sell in your Spare Time. Work among your friends. No experience necessary. Highest remuneration. Helpful suggestions. Valuable prizes for best sellers.—For particulars write to J. Renshaw & Sons, Ltd., Dept. I.H. Climax Works, Accrington.

AGENTS Wanted to sell the famous CASTLE Series Private Xmas Cards. No risk or outlay. BIG PROFITS CERTAIN. SAMPLE BOOK FREE. — Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment free. From £2 up to £5 and more easily made in a few mins. each week. Clothing, boots & shoes, furnishings & household goods direct from warehouse at warehouse prices on 1/- wkly. terms. Send for big bargain catalogue (NO INCREASE IN PRICE) & fullest details to Dept. J.B.57, Worldwide Wholesale Warehouse, Manchester 1.

AGENTS WANTED. Pte. Christmas Cards. World-famed "Orient" Smpl. Book FREE & CARR. PAID. Contains Calendars, Novel Blotter, Royal Family, 32-page Engagement Diary, Real Pokerwork, Calendar, Animal Studies, Beautiful Greeting Cards and Novelties. SPECIAL PATRIOTIC GREETINGS and War Service Badges. Highest Comm. & Prizes. HAMILTONS, ORIENT WORKS, Dept. 628, BLACKBURN.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

RUN DOWN MEN, WOMEN! FEEL FIT AS EVER. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster vitamins and general invigorators. First dose starts new health and vigour or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE sample for immediate relief from Asthma and Catarrh! Fill in the coupon in the advt. on this page for a free test supply of Do-Do Tablets FREE!

RHEUMATIC Sufferers. Accept this free offer. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Molly Montague, Dept. J.B.1, 19, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, for a free sample of Curicones and a special booklet. Read her article, giving useful hints and tips, on p. 27.

CATARRH sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatrinol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick" (Dept. M.), 215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp. Offer appears on page 26.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS
OFFERING SPECIAL
A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment Policies bought outright, also Refuge and Salvation Army policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

RATS CAUGHT without poison. An Archer Rat Trap catches dozens each setting. Send for particulars Post Free to Archer, 16, Thornton Road, Greenwich, London, S.E.10.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES purchased OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, Tib Lane, Manchester, 2.

LATEST Radio News. Turn to page 21 for full details of the new Bush Button tuning all-wave superhet.

ENJOY your relaxation with Manikin Cigars. Mild Havana flavour and fragrance. Rolled from delicate tipped leaves of tobacco, they are always mild and soothing. Obtainable everywhere, 5 for 1/-, metal pocket case 15 for 3/-.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war-time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blastproof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc., etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bob Martin, Ltd., 60, Union Street, Southport, Lancs.

PHYLLIS, S.W.—Just seen the new Crime Club Card Game. You must get it. Everyone's playing it.—Elsie.

ECZEMA ON THE BACK

SKIN NOW QUITE CLEAR

HEALED

"I was in a very bad state suffering from Eczema on the back, and I started using Holloways Ointment, and have pleasure in stating that it has completely vanished. I can say that my skin has not been so clear for years."

NEVER NEGLECT A SKIN TROUBLE

It may start with only a spot, but it may end in years of suffering unless IT'S HEALED! You can't gamble with a skin trouble. At the very first "nick," pimple or sore patch on your skin, apply some Holloways Ointment. Remember, behind every tin or jar of Holloways Ointment stands the proud record of over a century's success in the healing of SORES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, etc. Try Holloways without delay.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT

3d 1/3, 3/- 5/- Sold Everywhere

Read—

Molly Montague's article on page 27.

It contains useful hints and tips —*and a Free Offer.*

Turn to page 27, now!

Phillips YEAST The Finest TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast Tablets — then you get the REAL THING

Continuing A. W. Helliwell's Great Boxing Series

"Fitz" Floors a Champion

conquering hero of the hour. After laughing at Fitzsimmons they now struggled to shake his hands, and sports writers, hurrying from the stadium, were already coining new phrases to describe the "Freckled Fury," who had made such a spectacular entry into American pugilism.

Next morning Fitzsimmons found his name splashed across the headlines. He was already named as next in line for a tilt at the world middleweight title, held by Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, because Billy McCarthy had lasted twenty-eight rounds with the champion only a few weeks before.

After another fight, when he disposed of Arthur Upham in five rounds in New Orleans, the Cornishman was matched with Dempsey

The champion, who had seen Fitzsimmons out of the ring and fancied him as an easy victim, drove a hard bargain. He insisted that the 12,000-dollar purse should be split, 11,000 to the winner and 1,000 to the loser.

Fitz did not argue. Even the smaller end of the purse sounded like a small fortune to him at this stage of his career, and he was supremely confident.

The fight was staged in New Orleans on January 14, 1891, and the gamblers made Dempsey a clear favourite, for although slightly younger than Fitzsimmons he was a vastly more experienced fighter, having had seven or eight times as many contests.

HE had been fighting regularly since his youth.

Not for nothing had he earned his title of "Nonpareil," for he had beaten all the best men in the United States at one time or another.

An Irishman from County Kildare, Dempsey did not pack a dangerous punch, but he was so skilled in the science of fisticuffs and so clever in defence that he had never been knocked out.

His trump card was his astonishing speed.

He was as quick as a cat on his feet, and right from the bell he set a pace that left Fitzsimmons standing.

It was like fighting a ghost, a ghost that always was a split second ahead of his next move.

In and out, in and out flickered Dempsey's left hand, and again and again Fitz's sandy head jerked back almost on to his shoulders.

"I'll nail 'im. I'll nail 'im," he grumbled as he went back to his corner. It was easier said than done.

"Stand still and fight, can't yer?" growled Fitz as the champion danced around him, keeping up that incessant flick-flick-flick with his left glove until his challenger's mouth and nose dripped claret.

BETWEEN rounds Bob, realising that he was fighting a losing battle, pondered craftily. From that moment he gradually slowed down. His mouth drooped open. His breath came in choking gasps. His thin legs seemed in danger of breaking under him.

The crowd, quick to note these symptoms of distress, urged the champion on to victory, but, as soon as he attacked, Fitzsimmons's weariness dropped from him like a cloak.

He ceased to fox, his sagging body straightened, and he drove a vicious right hook to the pit of Dempsey's stomach.

From that moment the tide turned

Flat-footed, the Cornishman went after his man, slinging those deadly hammer-blows from every angle.

DEMPSEY fought back like a tiger, but he was no match for "Fitz" when it came to swopping punches.

The blacksmith was grinning now, fighting in the manner that had earned him the title of the "Freckled Fury." As each terrible punch ripped home, Dempsey came closer to defeat.

Again and again he was battered to his knees, until it seemed impossible for any human being to stand such dreadful punishment.

Dempsey was of true championship breed, and he sold his title dearly.

By the thirteenth round only his unquenchable spirit remained to him, and nothing could conquer that. Floored by one more crushing punch, he crawled along the ring canvas on his hands and knees and vainly tried to haul himself erect by grasping Bob's skinny legs.

His strength was spent. While Fitz stared down at him, his gloves hanging limply at his sides, Dempsey slipped back and rolled over on his back.

A few short months before Ruby Robert had left Australia disconsolate. Now he was in proud possession of a world title and more money than he had ever seen before.

NEXT WEEK:
"RUBY" ROBERT MEETS A FISTIC FREAK!

Garden Offensive

by Richard Sudell

"Now is the time to deal with established fruit trees"

Grow Your Fruit, Too!

SIR REGINALD HUGH DORMAN-SMITH, the Minister of Agriculture, has forbidden the planting of further commercial fruit orchards, and, as the importation of soft fruits has also been stopped, it seems as though we must depend on the home production of currants, raspberries, loganberries and strawberries.

If you can spare the space, a section of your garden maintained as an intensive fruit plot would prove a great asset to the household.

Be careful to plant your fruit trees in a section by themselves, so they can be caged in either with wire-netting or hemp fruit netting before fruit begins to ripen.

This is essential because birds are greedily fond of currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries.

Strawberries like a place in the sun. Planted now, they will give a good yield the first season. You should buy strong, well-rooted runners. Set plants eighteen inches apart, and leave two feet of space between the rows. In small gardens this space can be used for salads.

Black, red and white currants and gooseberries should be planted five feet apart in the rows with five feet between rows. This space also can be filled with low-growing vegetables the first season, and will give a good yield under generous treatment the second year after planting.

The best varieties are:

CURRANTS.—Red, Laxton's No. 1; White, White Dutch; Black, Boskoop Giant and Baldwin.

GOOSEBERRIES. — Red, Lancaster Lad; Yellow, Leveller; White, White Lion; and Green, Careless.

Raspberries are a little difficult to cultivate, and they thrive most in well-drained soil in a sunny position. Canes should be planted a foot apart in the row, with five feet between the rows.

They begin to give a yield the second season after planting.

Good varieties for the small garden are Pyne's Royal and Lloyd George.

Because fruit bushes have to remain in the same position for many years, the soil needs to be deeply dug.

When breaking in the sub-soil in the autumn you ought to use these fertilisers:

	Amount per sq. yd.	Apply to
Lime ..	4 oz.	All soils.
Basic slag	2 oz.	Clay soil.
Bone flour and meal	3 oz.	All soils.
Kainit ..	2 oz.	Sandy soils.

Now is the time to deal with established fruit bushes.

With gooseberries, thin our young growth to admit light and air, aiming at a shapely bush.

Cut out old raspberry canes and tie up young growth. Thin out if overcrowded, leaving six strong stems to a root.

Thin young growths of red and white currants, again aiming at securing a shapely bush.

Black currants fruit on the young growth. So cut out the old wood. All prunings should be piled in a heap and burnt to prevent disease.

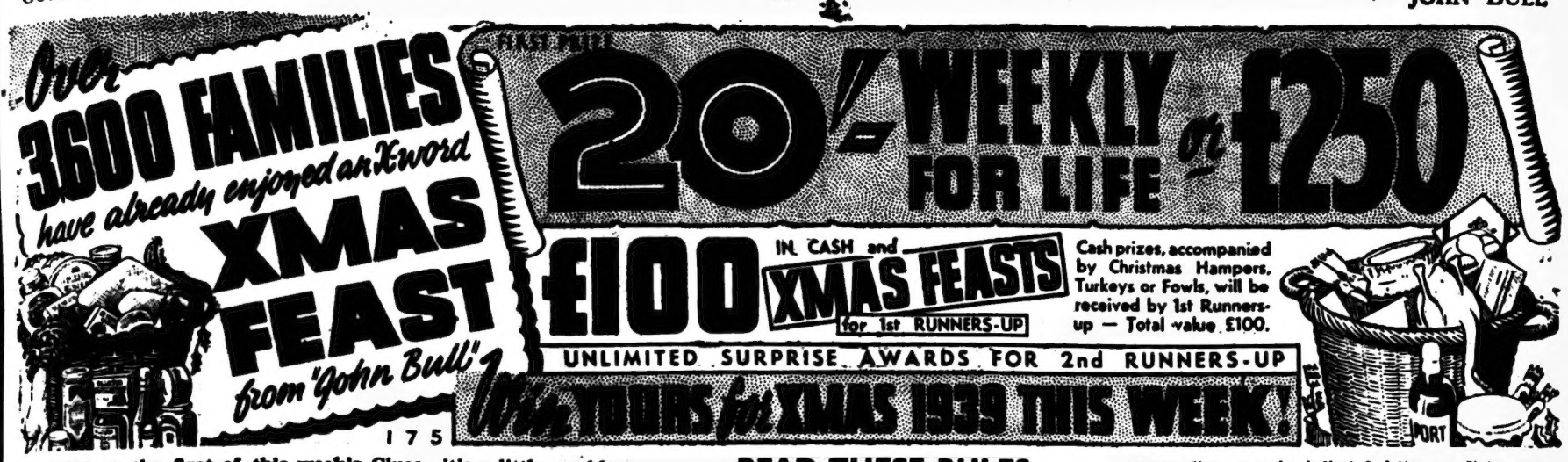
Mystery Solution

WHEN Connolly examined the automatic pistol the safety catch was on. He slipped it off before emptying the magazine.

The paymaster could not have shot himself and slipped on the safety catch because "He died instantly."

The only entrance to the paymaster's office was through the room in which Herbert Jenkins was working, and Jenkins was the only person in that room.

He must be the murderer.


Over 3600 FAMILIES have already enjoyed an Xword XMAS FEAST from "John Bull"
175
20/- WEEKLY for LIFE or £250
£100 IN CASH and XMAS FEASTS for 1st RUNNERS-UP
Cash prizes, accompanied by Christmas Hampers, Turkeys or Fowls, will be received by 1st Runners-up — Total value £100.
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP
Win TOURS for XMAS 1939 THIS WEEK!
PORT

LOOK at the first of this week's Clues—it's a little problem about youngsters, to which common-sense will soon give you the most appropriate answer.

This Puzzle consists of a series of interesting little problems such as that—and when you have answered them all, you have completed a Square which may well bring a First Prize Joy Wire to your door on Friday, November 10.

But remember this. You MUST post your Crossword entry on or before Saturday, November 4, if you want to win the fine Life Pension prize, or capture one of the famous "John Bull" Christmas Feasts offered this week.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 175th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 16. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

WIN £200 AND MILLIONAIRE'S XMAS FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may submit one 6d. *Bullets* coupon for Fine £200 Cash plus Millionaire's Xmas Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES

1. There are times when youngster may hate being given this
2. Shopper can often pick up such stuff in cheap market-place
4. Rolling stone gathers experience but not this
7. When one buys this, it's frequently for meal
8. Person is sometimes given a severe one when on the carpet
9. Farmer gets a lot in, during summer months
10. Occasionally put in to allow walker greater freedom of movement
17. Living one is what everybody wants for their work
20. It is always easy to slip on
21. When there's much valuable jewellery in one, special precautions are advisable

DOWN CLUES

1. It sometimes pays confidence trickster to give confederates this
3. May be a soft bed
5. Play is acted on this
6. It will be a tough job to drill this without proper equipment
8. Man who does this is often hardened to working in all weathers
11. Stubborn animal
12. It's usually fairly easy to get round one
13. Boxer may risk losing this if he's careless about defence
14. Rubbing one when wet often makes it look worse
15. The cup that cheers—and raises taxes
16. When young hikers come home this, parents will probably be concerned
18. The way it rolls may be quite annoying
19. Many men find it fatally easy to do this when times are bad

4 BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD NO. 172.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 172, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious set of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:—

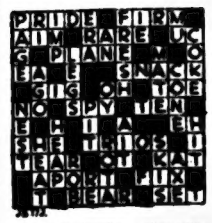
R. S. CRAVEN, 2, Burnhill, Stanley, Co. Durham.
W. HOSKIN, "Tanglewood," Bighton, Alresford, Hants.
MRS. H. ROGERS, Carrickboy, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal.
H. WIGGANS, 17, Flolden Street, Chorley, Lancs.

These competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £62 10s. will be sent to each.

The £50 Award to Runners-up has been divided between 79 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 7s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A special Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 475 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNING WORDS.

TRIDE. 2. FIRM. 4. PLANE. 7. SNACK. 8. GIG. 11. TEN. 16. TRIOS. 17. TEAR. 19. FIX. 20. BEAR. 21. SET.

PAGE. 2. FIRES. 3. COKE. 4. LEGS. 6. HATE. 8. REST. 10. PIT. 12. HEAP. 13. AIR. 14. ITT. 15. HEAT. 18. ROB.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 175, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 175, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Nov. 4

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, November 4, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, November 16. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

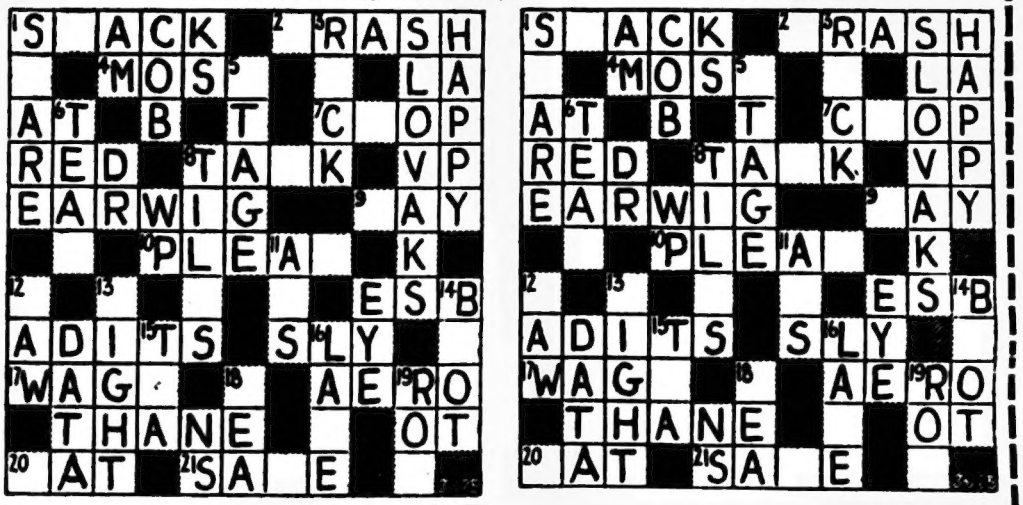
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 175. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value..... No. .....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name .....

Address .....

.....

USE BLOCK LETTERS
NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

7 .....

FOR 1 SQUARE. firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps
(Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

For thirty-three years the slogan "Write to JOHN BULL about it," has been part of the English language and is known and quoted the world over. Why don't you "write to JOHN BULL about it" and relieve yourself of the responsibility of settling ANY problem? Our Service is free—all that you need send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The replies given on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

The Last Laugh!

PTE. F. (Aldershot).—"I polished the sergeant-major's boots until he could see his face in them." That's one way of getting your own back.

A. C. (Rotherham).—"My girl friend treated me like a doormat." Perhaps you threw yourself at her feet.

N. P. (Frinton).—"Why can't the nations of Europe live together like one big family?" They do!

M. N. (Bicester).—"We hear a lot of talk about them, but what are tax collectors after all?" After all.

E. S. (Yeovil).—"I shall have to get my weight down before I join the Army. I've a good mind to take up skipping." Meals?

T. L. (Retford).—"I am scared at the possibility of an air raid except when there is a gale blowing." When it's windy you're not.

E. T. (in France).—"Can you imagine how I felt when I suddenly found myself on a transport boat on my way to France?" Seasick?

K. E. (Morden).—"Owing to severe strain caused by the black-outs I have taken to glasses for the first time in my life." Glasses of what?

W. N. (Thorpe).—"I heard somebody doing bird imitations on a German wavelength the other night." Including a dove?

R. N. (South Shields).—"I put an advertisement in the paper for my dog which got lost in a black-out." But surely he can't read?

D. D. (Hendon).—"Are bagpipes peculiar to Scottish regiments?" Oh, no. Scottish regiments don't think they're peculiar at all.

M. L. (Luton).—"There are a lot of people in this world you can see through." But you never get them in front of you at the pictures.

K. T. (Leyton).—"I am too old to join up, so I am going to do my bit in the garden. What can I put in now?" Plenty of hard work.

B. N. (Grendon).—"I wouldn't be surprised if Hitler were a martyr to insomnia these days." Well, he can always count his black sheep.

S. S. (Chester).—"Everybody now has a number." It came as something of a shock to many a prominent citizen that he only counts as one.

J. M. (Colindale).—"He said in the bar that he would help the nation by growing something that he and his friends could consume." Did he mean hops?

L. A. (Cranwell).—"I saw the doctor to-day about my loss of memory, and what do you think he made me do?" Pay him in advance?

M. L. (York).—"Highly-skilled air pilots are scarce in Germany." And the R.A.F. will see to it that they become scarcer still.

ACTOR (Paddington).—"I suppose you saw my name on the bill outside the theatre?" Oh, yes, our eyesight is marvellous.

D. H. V. (Penarth).—"Many people are doing things in this war that they wouldn't dream of doing in the last one." Shaving, for instance.

R. S. (Hitchin).—"They have quoted me fifteen shillings for fifty empty sandbags, so I wonder what the same number of full ones would be.' Heavy.

ATHLETE (Dovercourt).—"Exercise is the keynote of good health; and it undoubtedly reduces fat." Nonsense. Look at the chins of some women.

D. B. (Marple).—"On the Eastern Front Hitler travelled in a car on the roof of which were soldiers with a machine-gun." This obviated the necessity of using any other type of priority sign.

Here's a 10-Minute Wits Test

IN each of the prize *Bullets* below, one of the winning words is incompletely printed—dots indicate number of missing letters.

As a 10-minute Wits Test, see if you can fill in that blank in each prize effort.

For your answers consult page 35, where you will see the actual completed *Bullet* which has brought a useful war time cheque to a JOHN BULL reader this week. Remember—each of these prize efforts which you can successfully complete proves that *you* can build a prize *Bullet* for yourself.

LATEST NEWS — LATER AND LATER, L . . . . Y!

MURDERER HITLER — FEARS ALLIES—AND C . . . . . E!

OUR WARDEN — DOING, OR M . . . . G, "BIT"?

'LAST LAUGHS' WINNERS

Following are the ten £1 1s. winners in the "Last Laughs" Contest announced on this page in JOHN BULL dated October 7:—.

Mrs. Chitty, Hazelhurst Cottage, St. Helens, Hastings; S. Fowler, 11, Rectory Lane, Wallington, Surrey; Mrs. J. D. Hill, 20, North Ham Road, Littlehampton; W. J. Jacobs, 31, North Drive, Rhuddlan Road, Rhyl; E. Moors, 12, Oxford Road, Runcorn; Mr. Murison, 50, Grahamsdyke Street, Laurieston, Falkirk; T. Ratcliffe, 54, Richmond Street, Horwich, nr. Bolton; A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Road, Bradford; G. A. Tritton, 14, Waterloo Road, Whitstable; W. A. Whittle, Hall-i'-th'-Wood Museum, Bolton.

Prizes for 100 Runners-up have also been despatched—and list of 10 successful efforts can be obtained on application to Competition Editor.

K. J. (Letchworth).—"Young men of all shades of political opinion are now pulling together." They're certainly joining forces with a vengeance.

E. C. (Longhirst).—"There should be more comic broadcasts—something to make the nation laugh." Doesn't your set get the German propaganda stations?

MISS D. (Mansfield).—"If I knit mufflers for the soldiers, do you think they will appreciate them?" They'll be tickled to death.

R. L. (Godstone).—"As a lover of dogs, may I point out that dachshunds in this country are so well fed that they have no inclination to quarrel or fight." This seems to call for yet another batch of leaflets to be dropped over Germany.

B. C. (Clacton).—"What strikes the average man most about a Treasury note?" Its scarcity.

P. D. (Bromley).—"What do you think I got at the end of five hours painting white lines on the road?" Backache.

T. S. (Sunderland).—"The bombing attacks upon our warships have had little if any effect." Just a drop in the ocean, in fact.

TERRITORIAL (Cheshire).—"On my first day in camp I was put to peeling onions in the cookhouse." Well, you had your gas-mask, hadn't you?

M. D. (South Coast).—"I made rather a bad mistake when I diagnosed my patient's complaint as indigestion." You mean he could have afforded appendicitis?

J. S. D. (Harwich).—"My friend who owns a riding academy says that business is very bad." Patrons falling off every day?

F. L. (Bedford).—"Greed spells war. Love of power spells war. Even bad statesmanship spells war." And so does w-a-r.

A. F. (Wishaw).—"I had to put my party off last week owing to a sudden seizure." The hire-purchase people took the piano?

EX-ACTRESS (London, W.).—"The young stage players of to-day can't act for little apples. I could give them a lot of wrinkles." Well, you said it.

N. L. (Goole).—"Cannot the Government tell us something that will raise our spirits?" Well, it did announce that whisky would cost more, didn't it?

Miss E. (Hayes).—"I was most embarrassed when a young doctor asked me for my hand." You didn't know whether he wanted to take you or your pulse?

S. B. (Ramsgate).—"It is possible to obtain ink that completely fades in a few hours." The Fuehrer never bothers. He just tears up the treaties.

CORPORAL (France).—"The spectacular parachute descent made by a French airman was loudly cheered by all the troops in our section." It sounds as if he went down well?

THE KID By LEES

T. T. (Diss).—"During an argument with my wife, she told me to go to blazes, so I walked right out of the house." And joined the Auxiliary Fire Service?

W. S. D. (Wick).—"It was only after he was dead that I found out my friend was such a patient, tolerant, big-hearted fellow." You married his widow?

C. J. (Tottenham).—"What do you think my young daughter replied when I offered her sixpence not to say 'damn'?" That she knew a word worth 2s. 6d.?

C. L. (Chessington).—"What can I do with a man who keeps his wireless on until 12.30 a.m.?" Knock him up at 1.0 and tell him how much you enjoyed it.

PTE. B. (In Camp).—"The day I was on cookhouse fatigue there were enough bits of bread left over at night to feed thousands of birds.' Crumbs!

G. Mc. (Dundee).—"There's enough nicotine in the average cigar to kill 32 rabbits." But imagine 32 rabbits smoking one cigar!

B. S. (Crewe).—"To keep the home fires burning we shall need all the wood we can get. So some of us have been putting our heads together." Well, every little helps.

PTE. H. (Colchester).—"After visiting the sergeant-major in the hospital my chum returned and said there was no hope." Had he been pronounced fit for duty again?

INVESTOR (Hull).—"In the light of present events, do you think stocks and shares will go up or down?" Yes, we are sure they will. They never stand still long and they can't go sideways.

A. N. (Rye).—"Many people will never be convinced of the folly of eating between meals." Although the new tax on alcoholic liquors may do something to discourage drinking between meals.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BICYCLING NEWS:—"This is claimed to be a new WORD'S record."

EASTBOURNE COURIER:—". . . there are no definite classes in child WARFARE at the Clinic."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"As you shed bitter EARS for your dead, remember Poland is not going to die."

THE GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Mr. R—— said that C—— was resting against the WAR near the gas bracket, which had been torn away."

SUNDAY POST:—". . . as he must be on a LIGHTING war he will be compelled to launch an offensive . . ."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—". . . The mother said that it was taking a good deal of six little children's MOTHS."

DAILY MAIL:—"For months past Miss M—— stayed at Queen's Hotel . . . interested HIMSELF in the . . . hotel."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—". . . to be reported included Mr. J. S—— to the Coniscliffe C.E. School at a commencing salary of . . ."

THE NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—". . . those patients who are NOT able to attend during the day surgeries should attend the evening surgeries."

FINE CASH and INCREASED XMAS PRIZES · ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN !

Win £2,000
CASH plus MILLIONAIRES XMAS
COMPRISING WELL-FILLED HAMPER, FAMILY PRESENTS, BIG GAMES COMPENDIUM
XMAS DINNERS FOR 5 FRIENDS AND FAMILY VISIT TO PANTOMIME.
NOVEL "BULLETS" CASH FIRST PRIZE !
Let John Bull be your Host

HOW TO WIN

WHO wants a "Millionaire's Christmas"? No—not a lordly hotel function, but a happy, family celebration at JOHN BULL'S expense, including presents for all, the enjoyment of a big Christmas Hamper, a trip to a pantomime and the privilege of presenting Christmas Dinners to friends less fortunate.

Such is the seasonable big "extra" accompanying the solid sum of £200 for this week's best *Bullet*, which may well be one of *yours*. Other chief winners, as well as 100 Runners-up, are all to know the thrills and satisfaction of capturing a big 12s. 6d. JOHN BULL Christmas Cake, fit for the King's table.

To make a prize *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any *Example*.

For instance, to the *Example*, GRANDPA'S ON A.R.P., So, a Birmingham entrant added the words, HIS TRICYCLE'S LABELLED "PRIORITY"! For that amusing *Bullet* his reward was no less than £200 cash.

Study the winners in our 1,190th Result, then start on your own efforts. Your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, November 4.

£20 plus XMAS CAKE · £10 plus XMAS CAKE · £5 £4 £3 EACH plus XMAS CAKE

10 of £2·10 each plus XMAS CAKE

100 Big 12/6 BUZZARDS XMAS CAKES

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

'BULLETS' 1,190 RESULT

First Prize, £150:

H. BARTLETT, 204, Newcome Road, Fratton, Portsmouth.
Example: LATEST NEWS
Bullet: LATER AND LATER, LATELY!

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

H. MASON, 105, Wantage Road, Reading.
Example: Enemy To Germany
Bullet: Inside Germany, German's Inside.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

M. MASSEY, 3, Limes Avenue, Alfreton.
Example: Murderer Hitler
Bullet: Fears Allies—And "Comrade"!

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: D. BENNETT, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
Made Germany—"Tool." Hammer And Sickle.

£4: E. B. MOSS, 21, Tudor Road, Newport, Mon.
Our Warden—Doing, Or Making, "Bit"?
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: K. S. NAIR, c/o Post Office, Princess Road, London, N.W.
Murderer Hitler—"Pardoned"—Signing Our Death-warrant.

£3: J. PLUMMER, Hill Farm, Shalford, Braintree.
In Berlin — Sky's Watched — "Why's" Scotched.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

R. BELL, 42, King Street, Aspatria, Carlisle.
Our Warden—Solly—Selling Dark Curtains!

J. A. CORBETT, 1, Menai Street, Port Dinorwic, N. Wales.
Made Germany—Share "Bone," Bigger "Hound."

Mrs. L. HEAPEY, 88, Vincent Road, Norwich.
Let's All Help And—Contribution Bringing Hitlerism's Retribution.

G. HOLLINGBERY, 19, Prestbury Crescent, Woodmansterne, Banstead.
When It's All Over—Spend Same On Construction!

Mrs. S. HOLLISTER, 103, Aldershot Road, Guildford.
Murderer Hitler—Dreads *Assassin's* "Secret Weapon."

J. NEWBOUND, 4, Petit Road, Meordown, Bournemouth.
Lowering The Lights—Overdone, While Otherwise "Gropes."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

L. PERCIVAL, c/o 7, Clark's Yard, Station Street, Atherstone.
In Peril—Our Lives—Germany's "Soul."

B. SHEPPARD, 4, Brankscome Road, Merton Park, London, S.W.
In Berlin—Weighing-machines Forbidden Next!

STONE, 16, Brookside Avenue, Millbrook, Southampton.
Lowering The Lights—Nuisance? You'll "Soon See"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

WHITE, "Kesima," The Meadow, Newlyn, Penzance.
Made Germany—"Unclean Thing," "Sweeping" Europe.

ADVANCE EXAMPLES!

These now appear weekly in "Bullets Bulletin" only; ask on penny postcard for issue containing Advance "Examples" No. 1,195 and you will receive it by return.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

HITLER'S GANG
DONE WITH
WHEN PEACE RETURNS
FUTILE
GAMELIN v. GOERING
BEER'S GONE UP, BUT
MAN IN THE TRENCHES
FAITHFUL FRIEND
THE NEUTRALS
IT'S ONLY A RUMOUR, BUT
WOULDN'T COME AMISS
SOARING PRICES
LAST BUT NOT LEAST
WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO
LIES
WE DON'T MIND FRITZ, BUT
WILLING HANDS
CORNERED
STALIN'S STEAM-ROLLER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

WORSE THAN .....
SCANDALOUS .....
EASY TO .....
TO END THE .....
MADE TOMMY .....
..... PRISONER

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE A POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,194

Closing postmark, SAT., NOV. 4.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP | 1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,194

Closing postmark SAT., NOV. 4

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FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,194, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,194, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, NOV. 4

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, the opinion of the judges in consultation with Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the er prizes in order of merit, the test being erness, aptness and originality. The ge undertakes that every Bullet received ll have careful consideration by a competent of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts be written on each coupon and stamps be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 35, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword this week.

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

The NO SOAP–NO BRUSH Method of Shaving

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX is sold in 6D. 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from:
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. tablets of soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-

Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

Every woman who has to be in the open with the smoke and grime of large towns should use ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP. It is delicate to use and a large Tablet lasts a long time. It contains a beautiful perfume that lingers on the skin. These charming girls are talking about the virtues of ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP. They know its beauty and how perfectly it keeps the skin as the Almond Oil takes it—and makes it smooth, clear and beautiful, and Doge Face Cream is a perfect helpmate to Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. JB

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO. LTD. (Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

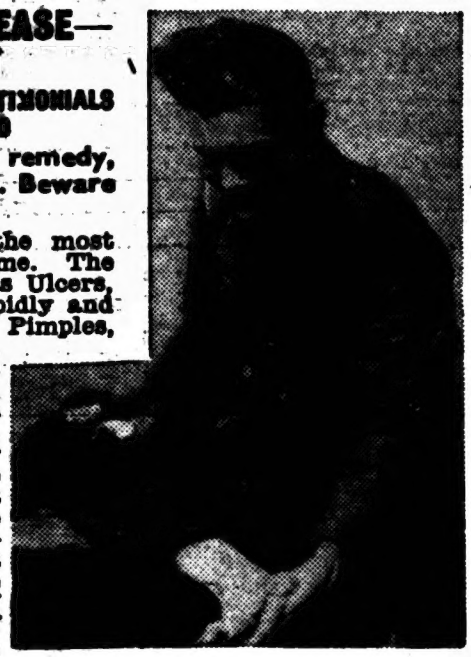
ZEE-KOL BRAND

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.



ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

LARGE TIN 6d.
Other Sizes 1/3 & 3/-

or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. ZK18), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19. JB

FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march—at any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for gnat or mosquito bites. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

WITH ITS MOST GLORIOUS PERFUME

Every girl who is doing National Service, and will be in the open must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

IN TUBES **6D. & 9D.**
IN POTS **1/- & 2/-**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. De6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect helpmate to Doge Cream.

F.19 J.B.1.95 82*

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